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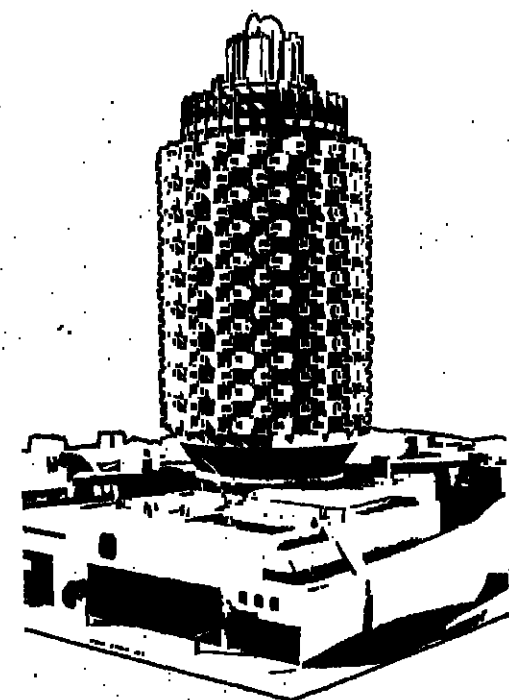


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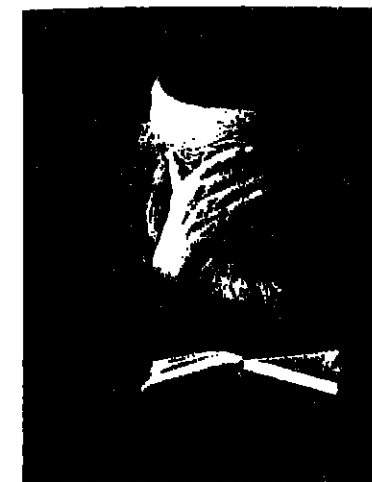
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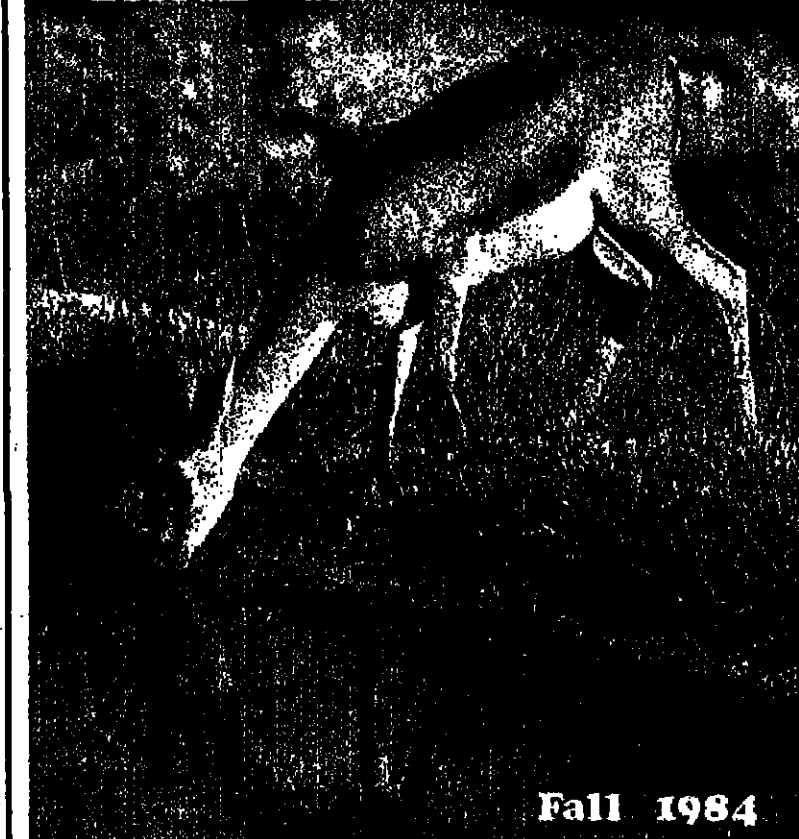
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MINISTER of Education Yitzhak Navon gives all the signs of a man who is satisfied with his lot. This, despite the fact that when we interviewed him on his third day in his new office last week, he was immersed in the unenviable task of having to decide where to cut the \$100 m. the Treasury was insisting on lopping off from his ministry's \$800 m. budget.

There is no doubt that when Yitzhak Navon re-entered politics earlier this year after a year's cooling off period from his term as Israel's fifth president, he had dreams of assuming the mantle of leadership of the Labour Party and of contending for the premiership.

When that did not work out and he conceded to his good friend Shimon Peres, he was promised the foreign ministry, and became enamoured with the idea.

Now that that has not worked out either and he finds himself ensconced in a less prestigious ministry he does not seem saddened by his ostensible diminution in political stature, but he gives all the signs of a man who has at long last returned to his true love, education and culture.

IT IS difficult to pin any politician down to specifics on his third day in office, and Navon proved to be no exception to the rule. His readiness to expand in response to an open-ended question as to his educational philosophy and goals gave more than an inkling of the directions towards which he would like to lead his new empire, the second largest in the land after that of defence.

The order of his impromptu reply was also an indicator, perhaps, of an order of priorities: openness, modernity, tolerance, democracy, rationality and orderly thought.

"I would like our educational system to catch up with the rate of development of the world at large. That it should be able to adapt to innovations. It is essential that Israel be open to the world and that we do not slip into backwardness.

"This has implications for the structure of the school system, textbooks, supplementary aids and the like.

"My impression, from reading my own children's textbooks and others, is that we have quite a bit of catching up to do. My impression from the industrial field is that our vocational school graduates, by and large, are not up to the latest developments in their fields.

"My ideas about the need for education in tolerance are linked to those on openness. In recent years, the thesis has developed that the whole world is against us; that the goy, the gentile, is our enemy. This attitude developed and was fostered by the previous administration. It is the height of provincialism.

"This thesis goes on to expound the view that there is a Jewish mind and a goyish mind that we are the Chosen People and that the others aren't. In my life, I have seen quite a number of Jews do pretty silly things. And on the contrary, I have met some pretty wise goyim."

INTERPOSING, I ask the man whose political career began as the long-time political secretary to Founding Father and Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion: "Wouldn't you also characterize as equally provincial Ben-Gurion's insistence on our being an *am segula*, a Chosen People?"

Navon is taken aback by my sacrilege, catches on to the provocation, and replies in precise but persuasive fashion as the man who was perhaps closest of all to Ben-Gurion during the years of his premiership.



THE NAVON APPROACH

Though he may have preferred to be foreign minister, Yitzhak Navon seems very much in place in his post as the minister of education. He talked about his goals for the Education Ministry, and his personal reactions to his new position, in an interview with The Jerusalem Post last week. YOSEF GOELL and JUDY SIEGEL-ITZKOVICH report.

"As a nation-builder, B-G insisted that we draw our inspiration from a number of sources: the age-old heritage of our forefathers, the scientific and technological attainments of the Western world, its democratic ethos, and the universal creativity of humanity at large."

The philosophy Navon attributes to Ben-Gurion is obviously the ideological baggage he brings with him to the Ministry of Education.

"The world is getting smaller and smaller. It is essential that we educate our children to being citizens of the world as well as citizens of the State of Israel. I am truly frightened by the provincialism which is the exact opposite of such a universalist approach."

"Education for tolerance is not only tolerance of the different world outside us, of which we must learn to be part, but also tolerance of the differences within us, the differences between Arab and Jew; between observant and secular Jews.

"That education for tolerance must begin at the pre-school stage, and be continued throughout the child's school experience. Our youngsters must be instilled with a sense of respect for the other: for other religions, other ethnic groups, other opinions, other communities, the other sex.

"Such education for tolerance, of course, shades into what is required in education towards democratic values: that one is entitled to one's opinion, but that in the final analysis one must bow to the wishes of the majority. Such education towards democratic values can and must be carried out in the schools.

"There is admittedly a serious problem here, that of the poor example set by adult society. The way members behave in the Knesset, the uglier aspects of the coalition negotiations through which we've just gone. These examples tend to reinforce cynical attitudes towards the entire democratic process."

At this point, Navon focuses on the need to change the electoral

system as a basis for changing the atmosphere of politics. What are the chances for such electoral reform.

"I believe that there will be broad agreement on raising the minimal threshold for entry into the Knesset from the present 1 per cent. The situation is ripe for it. As to the adoption of some form of proportional-constituency elections to the Knesset, progress will be much slower."

Another matter that is obviously close to his heart is that of education for self-expression.

"Our young people's ability to express themselves clearly is at an abominable low-point. This did not originate in the last few years, but has much earlier roots. The situation has become so bad that in many youth circles it is even considered shameful to speak correct Hebrew."

"Confused speech is an indication of confused thinking. I am very much in favour of introducing and spreading the practice of formal debates. It's something worth devoting a lot of time to in the school curriculum. This should also be seen as part of the very urgent need to educate young people to learn to differentiate between nuances and not to think and speak in stark black and white terms."

NAVON TAKES OVER a ministry that has been headed by a member of the National Religious Party for the past seven years. During Ze'evulun Hammer's tenure, gradual but steady emphasis has been placed on the introduction of religious motifs into the general, secular, State school system, without any concomitant secular motifs even having the chance of getting a foot in the door in the State Religious trend.

In the State Religious schools there is also a trend towards a greater religiosity than that which informed the general lot of parents identified with the Religious-Zionist movement.

One example of Orthodox proselytizing was provided this week, not in the schools but on Israel

television (for which the minister of education bears responsibility). In a programme on "Jewish Identity," a distinctly anti-Zionist point of view was put across, without even a pretence of subjecting that approach to balancing doubt or criticism. Will the secular Navon make any changes in these trends?

Navon is a sufficiently experienced politician to recognize a minefield when he sees one. He skirts round this one, but is ready to speak about some internal developments in the religious schools.

"Ethnic integration is especially problematic in the religious schools. Quite a number of the parents there prefer to send their children to schools that do not have an integrated mix. In broad terms, the State Religious trend is also problematic in having lower scholastic attainments than the general trend."

"An equally serious problem is that the *heder* yeshivas of the National Religious Party (which, like the secular kibbutz-oriented Nahal, have an arrangement of religious study interspersed with military service) are on the defensive. Many of the teachers and section heads in those Zionist yeshivas are non-Zionist and anti-Zionist."

"The strengthening of non-Zionist ideologies among the religious is a problem for the whole country and not just for the NRP. This holds true for the Diaspora too, where there is a similar trend."

NAVON IS the only one of the top Labour Party leaders who knows Arabic well and had established contacts with many Israeli Arabs. He gave the impression, however, of not being greatly interested in assuming the unofficial role of the party's patron of the Arabs, a role which has remained unfilled since the death of Yigal Allon several years ago.

He says he understands that Ezer Weizman will be charged with that duty in the present government. The question of whether Labour's sole Arab M.K. should be named deputy

minister in his own ministry will only be dealt with in the coming weeks.

Navon seemed surprised to be told that he is his party's only minister from Jerusalem. He says that he has asked to be a member of the ministerial committee on Jerusalem, but it seems clear that it is not a subject too close to his political heart.

In a broad-ranging interview, the impression of a man who loves children comes over strongly, and not in the form of a politician's empty platitudes.

The field of organized, institutionalized, culture will have to depend very much on Navon's emotional commitment at a time when budget cost-cutters will naturally veer towards lopping off what they consider "cultural frills." There is every reason to believe that Navon will fight like a lion to preserve what he sees as the country's very soul—all the more so at a time of economic belt-tightening.

He has a similar attitude towards the Treasury's demand for the elimination of free high-school education. Without going into details, he gave the impression of being willing to stand the ministry on its head to come up with innovative alternatives in order to keep high-school education free.

The articulate, sympathetic Yitzhak Navon has no trouble expounding his educational philosophy and his approach to the arts, with its emphasis on the things that will make life worth living at a time when the government is involved up to the ears in the country's making a living.

He will not be tested on his philosophy, however, but on hard-nosed administration of his giant, somewhat rock-ribbed, educational empire. He will be tested as to how he weathers the budgetary onslaught of the coming few weeks. And even more on whether he knows how to turn his educational philosophy into the sort of political and administrative facts that will eventually impinge on the minds and hearts of Israel's young.

AFTER FIVE YEARS of using the presidential pulpit to preach about the need for tolerance, ethnic pride and democratic values, Yitzhak Navon finally has the opportunity to do something about it. And what better place to do it than where he is — as minister of education and culture.

It took the new deputy prime minister 16 months to move from the golden cage of Beit Hanassi to the stately old building in Jerusalem's Musrara quarter that houses the ministry. He made two stopovers — a tiny office in the Van Leer Foundation for the use of the ex-president, and an office in Yad Ben-Zvi during the months when he was a Labour Party candidate.

But the shift was more than a mere physical relocation. Navon had to undergo a metamorphosis from a popular apolitical figure symbolizing the unity of the nation to a statesman/politician loyal to one party. Some of the admirers of his presidency were bound to complain that the shift was a demotion or even a betrayal.

"The move was not simple," says Navon, in shirt-sleeves, who seems relieved to have been freed from the suit jackets he had to wear on all occasions as president. "It was so sudden. I had thought that it would take another year or two before it happened. And then, suddenly, I'm here."

It was so sudden that the walls in Ze'evulun Hammer's former office were still bare when we interviewed the deputy premier. Navon had still

Lessons to be applied



not hung his favourite drawing of David Ben-Gurion that he had taken with him throughout his career.

"The change was hard for me and for many people," says Navon. "People started saying that I was for everybody, and now I'm for just one party."

Was he personally hurt when during a few appearances he made during the election campaign a number of people heckled and booed him? After all, as president he was enthusiastically welcomed during all of his hundreds of visits to towns and settlements around the country.

Navon said that the heckling be-

gan "from a certain day when our opponents decided that there would be heckling." Navon did not take it personally.

One of the problems of the presidency that weighed heavily in his decision not to seek a second term — the inability to express an opinion on a controversial, political matter — is now solved. Navon can speak out, though within the constraints of the Labour Party and of the national unity government. He is clearly relieved.

It was a "miracle" that things worked out so well that he is not sorry not to be president today. Navon asserts that while he enjoyed his five years in Beit Hanassi, he doesn't look back.

BUT HE IS NOT foreign minister, after being promised the post by Shimon Peres when he agreed not to compete for the party leadership.

Navon explains that foreign affairs and education are both dear to him. "I studied pedagogy for five years and was a teacher for another five. I was head of the Education Ministry's culture division for two," he says.

His experience in foreign affairs included several years in South America as a diplomat, and the many contacts with foreign leaders during his presidency. "I also dealt with dialogue with the Arabs."

On the eve of the elections, Navon decided that in view of the situation, he wanted to deal with foreign affairs: "to unfreeze the cold peace with Egypt, to create a dialogue with

Jordan and with the Arabs in the territories. Style is very important, no less than substance. I felt we needed a new atmosphere."

His facility in Arabic, his familiarity with Arab culture and his experience from talks with the late Egyptian president Anwar Sadat had prepared him for this.

But then a national unity government was formed, and Navon was asked to return the promised portfolio.

"So I came back to education, and I am at home," says Navon, adding that he would have been willing to accept only education if foreign affairs had not been available.

"Education is a wonderful world. How else can one design people. Teachers as the spiritual engineers of a child, along with God, his mother and father."

WITH THE presidential fanfares barely out of his ears, Navon has entered the Education Ministry to the sound of the snipping of scissors around the education budget.

Navon wants to carry out some of the things he preached about, but he finds himself fighting to preserve the minimum that already exists. He must now make hard choices, balancing the needs of kindergarten children against high school pupils and college students, of museums against sports facilities.

"The presidency was a good preparation for this job. I travelled a great deal and saw the society as it is. Now I will have to get to know it from a different aspect, from the

needs and achievements of each sector."

He says the title of education minister means a lot more to him than that of deputy prime minister. But the latter is helpful in that he will not be criticized for commenting on foreign policy matters.

NAVON SAID that his family was happy with the change. They no longer live in a glass house with public observation of every move, yet he is still part of the leadership. His wife Ofra, he says, told him to do whatever he wanted to do. His daughter Na'ama, 11, didn't complain.

His rambunctious son, 10-year-old Erez, complained that whenever something went wrong in school, his classmates would inevitably blame his father, the education minister. "But," continues Navon with a smile, "when Erez heard that I was also responsible for sport, he was pleased, thinking he would accompany me to the big games."

Like Menachem Begin, Navon had planned to write after retirement a number of works on the past, he had wanted to write a *magnum opus* on his mentor, David Ben-Gurion, and on a number of aspects of Sephardi culture. Now he admits that it is unlikely he will get to it.

But researchers did tape tens of hours of Navon's conversations on Ben-Gurion as part of an oral history. "I may not write, but at least I'll have a chance to do something," Navon concludes. J.S.I. □

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the People of Israel
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for a Shana Tova
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THE SHADOW OF SUKMOUR

HIRSH GOODMAN was in Lebanon on the day of the ambush and massacre at a Shi'ite village. The incident, he observes, casts doubts on the viability of Gen. Lahad's force.

THE DAY started off as a bore. After all this time, what is there left to write about Southern Lebanon? Yet another interminable wait to go through the formalities at the border; and another hair-raising drive over the narrow roads that always seem to have trucks careening down them. Even the wonderful scenery has grown tiresome, as have the seemingly insoluble problems we have come to rehearse once again: this time with Tat-Aluf Shlomo Ilya, Israel's chief link with the South Lebanese Army and head of the IDF's military bureaucracy in the areas of Lebanon under Israeli control - the Lebanon Liaison Unit.

Ilya kept us waiting in the ante-room of his first-storey office. We had already heard the news that the night before, four members of the South Lebanese Army had been killed in what seemed to have been a perfectly-laid ambush in the Shi'ite town of Sukmour, just south of Lake Karoun. We assumed that Ilya must have been busy tying up the loose ends of the previous night's events, and therefore the delay in receiving us. Little did we know the drama that was going on behind the closed doors of his office.

We were eventually invited in by a tight-lipped adjutant. Ilya himself was sitting behind his desk, thumping with the artificial flingers of his right hand on its neat top. We were seated around a huge, square table and served weak coffee and orange juice.

It was 9:30 on Thursday morning and we were in Ilya's office for a meeting that had been scheduled to take place weeks before. We had come to learn about the SLA, and learn we did. But it was a laborious business. Each time Ilya tried to answer a question, he was interrupted by a phone call. Sometimes

he mumbled monosyllabic and cryptic messages into the receiver. Sometimes he left the room to take a call. Ilya gave absolutely no hint that he had a major problem on his hands. An hour before, 15 Druse members of the SLA had attacked a group of 200 Shi'ite males in Sukmour, leaving 13 dead and almost 30 injured.

"No, I can see no reason for you all to go down to Sukmour. After all, what will you see there other than the burned-out wreck of a command car, and you have seen hundreds of those," he said, when we requested to go to the scene of last night's attack against the SLA. This at the same time that he already knew that the main square of the dusty little town was strewn with the bodies of victims of yet another massacre to be notched on the rifle butts of our allies in Southern Lebanon.

Ilya sat there at the head of the table calmly going through his standard briefing on the SLA. It was Israel's only real hope, he explained. It had taken time, but the effort had been worthwhile. Though still only 2,100-men strong, and still over 70 per cent Christian, more Shi'ites and Druse were enlisting. More time was needed and General Antoine Lahad would forge the SLA into a force capable of taking over when the IDF eventually redeployed or pulled out of Southern Lebanon.

Ilya was optimistic that the SLA would become more representative of the demographic reality of Southern Lebanon, and while one could suspect that the Shi'ite volunteers into Lahad's army were motivated more by the monthly salary of 1,750 Lebanese Pounds (a princely sum in the mainly agrarian, depressed South of Lebanon) than by ideology, the SLA was slowly overcoming the

ethnic barriers that had until now proved so problematic.

RECALLING THE optimistic assessment being given by Ilya that morning, knowing full well that the background to the murders was ethnic, one cannot but be extremely dubious of both his credibility and his sincerity.

Ilya, like the man who preceded him, Tat-Aluf Dagan, is a great believer in the philosophy that only the SLA's being built up into a viable fighting force capable of controlling Southern Lebanon will allow the IDF to pull out. He does not believe that the Shi'ites of the south are able, either militarily or politically, to prevent the PLO from returning. And even if they succeed in doing that, they will not be able to control the Shi'ite communists and fundamentalists, who are as great a threat to Israel now, apparently, as the PLO.

At present, Ilya told us the SLA's force of just over 2,000 was deployed operationally in five areas and had 44 tanks to bolster its military image. There was both a constant flow of recruits and more Shi'ites joining up than ever before.

The force was composed of four infantry battalions, one armoured battalion and one battalion of artillery. They were becoming more disciplined and more military than before, being moulded into an effective fighting force by dozens of Israeli military advisers who were attached both to battalions and to SLA training facilities which were turning out officers, NCOs and privates.

Unveiling a map from behind a green curtain, he went on to explain the SLA's deployment: in Sidon it shared operational responsibility with the IDF, but was autonomous in the areas it controlled. Jezzine,

Hatzbaya, Nabatiya and the original areas of Haddadland, (the area directly north of the Israeli border up to the Litani River) were all the operational responsibility of the SLA.

"We need about another six months to grow to about 3,000 to 3,500 men under arms. Then we could control Southern Lebanon, apart from the area north of Lake Karoun."

FROM THE GROWING stream of telephone calls in and out of the office it was obvious something out of the ordinary was going on; but Ilya refused to satisfy our thirst for enlightenment. Asked outright whether something was going on in Sukmour, riots maybe, he stood firm. No, nothing unusual, he replied.

Perhaps for Ilya, who has become very much one of the region though he has only been there for about six months, a massacre is nothing out of the ordinary.

Certainly the Sukmour massacre was neither the first nor the most serious in Southern Lebanon's catastrophic history. And what could be more normal in this region than a settling of accounts by the spilling of blood, as had happened in Sukmour that morning?

Just as Ilya did not allow the tragedy of Sukmour to colour his optimistic, almost adulatory, assessment of General Lahad's SLA, so he probably will not allow Thursday's massacre by men wearing uniforms provided by the IDF and carrying guns supplied by the IDF to bring about a change in the calcified thinking that has kept us in Lebanon for over two-and-a-half years, and for the past six months sustaining an average of 80 attacks a month.

Thursday morning's events should

have left many questions in the minds of those responsible for Israeli defence policy. The ambush the SLA walked into; the fact that General Lahad took seven hours to get to the scene; that not enough was done to ensure that the families of the three Druse killed would not exact vengeance, must bring into question both the operational reliability of the SLA and Israel's control over this army that by Ilya's own definition "has yet to attain Western norms."

THE SNOWBALL of events leading to the massacre had begun the previous day, Wednesday. A Shi'ite soldier from Sukmour (the only member of the predominantly communist village to join the SLA) informed his seniors that a terror group they were looking for was hiding out in his village. If they picked him up around midnight, he would lead them to the hiding place.

That night a SLA command car and a jeep from the Rashaiya battalion set out for Sukmour to pick up the informant. The jeep remained at the entrance to the village, while the command car, with nine occupants, proceeded to the centre. They reached the informant's house, knocked on the door and were told that he was not home. They climbed back into the command car and started to return to the jeep.

Then a single rifle-propelled grenade pierced the command car's petrol tank. Four soldiers - three of them Druse - were burned to death in seconds. The other five saved were all badly burned.

The SLA had obviously walked into a trap on its first real operational night mission. It must have been a trap. How else did the terrorists know where to wait? The SLA, after all, almost never entered this Shi'ite village of 3,000 inhabitants, and never at night.

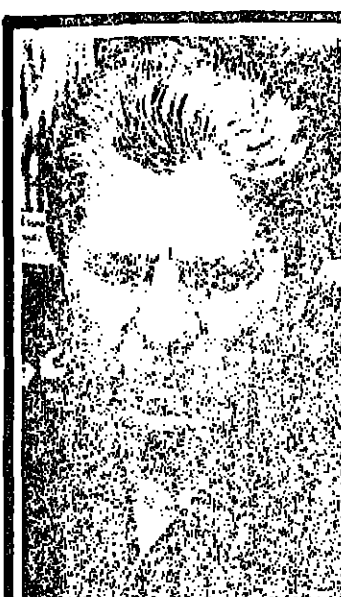
News of the disaster reached General Lahad while he was sound asleep in his Marjayoun home at around 1:30 a.m. on Thursday. Though we do not know what his reaction was on receiving the news, we do know that he only arrived at the scene seven hours later, at 8:30 a.m.

Asked by an incredulous reporter why it had taken so long for him to get to Sukmour Lahad replied irritably, "I am a general, not a junior officer or an NCO. I have men in the field to command in the field and to make decisions there. My job is to coordinate."

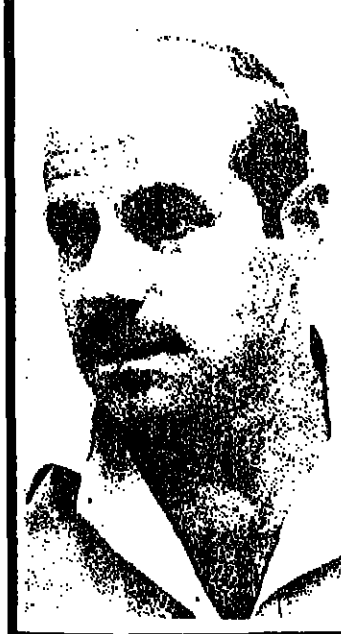
APPARENTLY, however, Lahad had not done enough coordinating, for minutes after he arrived at Sukmour that morning, he was very nearly a casualty of his own forces' lust for revenge. While Lahad continued to sleep after the news of the ambush reached him, 15 Druse members of his army in Rashaiya, to the north-east, were preparing the SLA's answer. Shortly after sunrise they left the town in four vehicles: three private cars and a command car.

With red bands tied around their heads - the signal of revenge - the Druse talked their way through a series of roadblocks put up especially to prevent what was about to happen (not a difficult feat, since they were manned by their comrades-in-arms, often Druse themselves), and set off for Sukmour.

By the time Lahad arrived there, things seemed to be very much under control. A battalion of his men from Hatzbaya that had been purged of its Druse members so as not to invite any trouble, had rounded up all the male inhabitants between 15 and 50



(Above) Lahad. (Below) Ilya.



years of age. Those still being held pending identification were congregated in two groups of about 100 each near the centre of the village. One by one they were being led into a nearby house.

It was already oppressively hot by 8 o'clock, and some of the suspects in one group were able to make use of a narrow strip of shade provided by a wall. The men in the second group sat exposed on a hill about 70 metres from the entrance to the village. It was from this second group that most of the casualties were to come.

Lahad and a few Israeli officers were watching events from a short distance away, discussing the early-morning ambush and what it could mean. Not far from them lay the still smouldering wreck of the command car.

"It was about 8:30 when we heard automatic fire at the entrance to the town," Lahad told *The Post* that afternoon. "At first we assumed that our forces had engaged the terrorist squad we had come to arrest earlier. And then we saw that it was our men firing into the groups of villagers. They could even have killed some of us."

"We - myself and the Israeli officers - immediately started to run towards the attackers. We had to fight to take their weapons away from them and two Israeli soldiers were slightly injured in doing so."

"It was all over in less than a minute. If we had not responded quickly, it would have been a much worse tragedy."

Lahad displayed little emotion other than chain-smoking Time cigarettes as he recounted the morning's events. What was important, he stressed, was that this was not an act of the SLA, but a private act of revenge by the families of those killed the night before. It did not

reflect on his army as a whole, he said.

About 15 Druse had been arrested after the attack. They were being held in their home town of Rashaiya pending trial. "Justice," Lahad promised, "will be carried out in accordance with Lebanese army law." He specified neither the charges nor the possible punishment.

When we met Ilya again at 3:00 p.m., he too seemed to accept the situation with equanimity. He made no apology for having deliberately lied in the morning; he just gave us a factual account of events that we had to assume was true. All IDF and SLA had been removed from Sukmour and roadblocks had been set up to ensure that no one could enter the area, including journalists.

"I told the *mukhtar* to have the dead buried by 5:00 p.m. We want this thing over with and to minimize the possibility of rioting," he explained.

Both Ilya and Lahad were incensed when the morning's massacre was compared to Sabra and Shatilla.

"That was an organized military action; this a family act of revenge that could have killed us as well. How can you compare the two?" Lahad asked.

"Don't draw quick and unsubstantiated conclusions," Ilya warned.

But at the same time as Ilya was reaffirming his faith in both Lahad and his army, defence officials in Tel Aviv were deeply concerned. If the SLA was going to react to every operational casualty by perpetrating private acts of vengeance, how could they be used operationally? Was one of the questions being asked. Though they have yet to offer any official explanation, Defence Minister Yitzhak Rabin and his team of advisers, whose entire plan for a Lebanese pullback rests on a reliable SLA, were perturbed enough to call a top-level meeting on the subject that night.

WHAT HAPPENED could retard Rabin's ideas for a pullback significantly. How could the SLA be allowed a free rein if it could not be trusted to behave like an army? And worse, what happened happened despite the fact that Israeli advisers were attached to every battalion.

Sunday morning's press saw reports of a re-affirmation by Ilya to Lahad about the importance of the latter's army in Israel's plans. The re-affirmation should not be mistaken as a sign that the ripples of the Sukmour massacre have ceased. Rather it should be interpreted as meaning that Israel, at this point, has no other alternatives.

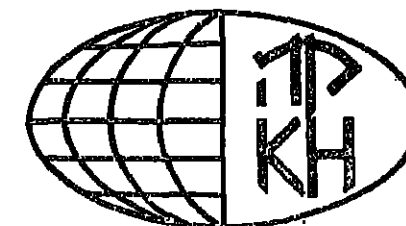
But there is no doubt from conversations with senior defence officials that Sukmour has made the seeking of new alternatives more imperative than ever before.

The spectre of Sabra and Shatilla still hangs too heavily over this office to allow Sukmour to pass unnoticed, one senior defence official said.

What the massacre at Sukmour has done, perhaps more than anything else, is emphasize the incongruity in the goal of establishing a multi-ethnic army loyal to Israel's cause out of the demographic reality of Southern Lebanon.

The SLA is an army of Christians who compose almost all the officers. The 12 per cent Druse and 17 per cent Shi'ites - and even Ilya will tell you this - wear uniforms because it is economically advantageous to do so.

And a uniform donned out of pecuniary considerations is not, in itself, a guarantee of loyalty. The trap at Sukmour proves that.



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Conceptual convolutions

The current use of the term 'treasured people' is an example of the danger of transferring transcendental concepts to the secular world, writes MICHAEL SHASHAR.

THE HIGH HOLIDAY and festival liturgies contain many fundamental concepts of the Jewish faith that need to be examined critically for our day. Such a frank examination, unhampered by outworn and irrelevant clichés, could clear our spiritual-cultural atmosphere, give our world fresh content, and perhaps allow us to rebuild it on firm, honest foundations without which there can be no true culture. It often seems that spiritual confusion stems from a blurring of concepts which have become trite and are not taken seriously. This makes for cultural cynicism and a loss of values, clearly symptomatic of the present generation.

The Torah says of Israel: "...you shall be My treasured possession among all the peoples..." (Exod. 19:5). What was intended by these words? Was this treasured status to be in relation to the other nations of the earth, or was it to be a special relationship between the treasured people and its God? The latter is the correct interpretation. As the term is used in the Bible, and according to its commentaries, every other ethnic group can become a treasured people on one condition: acceptance of the Torah and especially its obligations, i.e., the commandments. Whoever accepts the obligation of fulfilling the *mitzvot*, with all their attendant duties and privileges, *inso facto* becomes an integral part of the treasured people. The legend which has the Holy One, blessed be He, before the altar at Sinai, making the rounds of every nation in the world and offering them the Torah, was also making that very point: that had any one of the nations accepted the Torah, it too would have become a

treasured people in its relationship with the Lord of the universe.

It is very doubtful that the interpretations of Israel's "treasuredness" as being *vis-a-vis* the nations rather than the Almighty conform to the legitimate meaning of the concept. Such, for example, is the idea of a "mission" whereby Jews who had left their pure Judaism sought an excuse to continue their existence as Jews among the nations of the world.

It is interesting that it was just those Jews whose faith had been tarnished who sought to spread the knowledge of God abroad, as if they were destined for this because they happened to be Jews. Neither the Torah nor the Prophets - who never once used the term "a treasured people" - ever presented matters this way, but put off the perfection of the world to "the end of days."

Furthermore, nowhere in the Bible or in Jewish literature until very recent times, can one find any of the arrogance that claims the superiority of "Jewish brains" or "the disproportionate number of Jewish Nobel Prize winners." Rather, what is demanded of Israel is absolute subservience to God and His Torah which is the only thing that makes us worthy of being designated a treasured people. Being treasured refers to the transcendental-human relationship, not to the inter-relationship of groups of people.

Until the crisis of Judaism with the coming of the Emancipation, Jewish history shows that the believing Jew who kept the commandments was not wont to wave the treasured people banner before the outside world. He generally referred the concept to his relationship with his naker and not to his relations with the nations

of the world who, like himself, were also created in the Divine image.

THE FACT that, precisely at this juncture, the treasured people slogan is being used by many people who no longer believe in its original sense reveals the extent to which concepts, through inertia, are transferred from one spiritual realm to another, and in the process, completely lose their original meaning.

In the current use of the concepts of a divinely chosen and treasured people, we have embodied the tragedy of the "intermediate generation" which grew up with traditional Judaism. The members of that generation later abandoned the transcendental meanings of those concepts, and transformed the former into a concept of human "chosenness," which is logically and emotionally very dangerous.

One has never heard the British or the French say that they are by nature better than the other nations. Yet in Israel there is an attempt to convince everyone, and especially the youth, that we are indeed better, more talented, and even more ethical, than other peoples. Such an outlook is bound to engender a hatred of our people in other nations.

Those who have that outlook are trying to convince us, and others, that we have done things which no other nation has managed since the Creation. Starting with David Ben-Gurion, they have been making us believe that there is no equal in the world to the Israel Defence Force, which embodies part of the "treasuredness" of the people of Israel. Yet it is clear to anyone who looks at things realistically that the arguments lack substance. One may

assume that, were other nations to have found themselves in circumstances similar to ours, they would have acted in the same way, some with more success, some with less. But not one of them would have bestowed upon itself the title of a treasured people *vis-a-vis* others.

This is only one characteristic example of the danger of transferring transcendental concepts to the secular world.

"There is adequate ground for believing that we can be a 'treasured people'," said Ben-Gurion in one of his addresses. "One can think of three factors at work in the State of Israel which hint at the ethical and intellectual capacity latent within us: a) the labour force settlement of the land; b) the IDF; c) men of science, arts and letters." (HAZUT, 1958, p. 145).

WAS BEN-GURION, the typical representative of the intermediate generation, right?

Men of science, arts and letters, and some of them superior to ours, are to be found among all the nations, yet no one would consider calling them a treasured people because of it. As to the IDF, with all our esteem for it, it can never - be it the best of armies - be a criterion of treasuredness, and woe to the nation which must resort to the army to make its case as a treasured people. Nor are those at work settling the land yet able to make us such. The world knows other lifestyles which are also ethical, whose adherents have not declared themselves a treasured people for that reason.

One of the main aims of the Zionism used here by the intermediate generation appears to be to restore

the Jewish people to a condition of normalcy as a nation among all the nations. On the other hand, there are some emerging in our generation - perhaps because they are still enthralled by the wonder of the establishment of the state after 2,000 years - who wish to convince themselves and the world that we really are not a normal people; that, unlike the other nations, we do carry an especially treasured burden.

It seems that we need to lay down an important fundamental rule: human values, be they in the social-cultural realm or any other, are not the exclusive possession of any one people, but are shared by various groups - especially by particular individuals - in many nations, and there is no organic connection between those values and the socio-political form of a nation.

ONE CAUSE OF the younger generation's cynicism, which we often criticize but do not scrutinize, undoubtedly is this blurring and confusion of concepts. Our country's youth, which has never been taught the treasured people concept and has never grasped its religious significance, is the same as the youth of any normal nation. There are some things in which this youth is comparatively outstanding, and some not. It is Zionism alone which tries to convince it that, by virtue of being a Jew, it bears an invisible burden which constrains it to be part of a treasured people.

It is peculiar, therefore, that it is precisely these Jews, headed by Ben-Gurion, who have chosen to display our Judaism (such as it is!) to the world. We who are free and at leisure to put our own house in order

without too much heed to the teachings of other peoples - unlike the Diaspora Jews - have not done so. Why has this personal and national spiritual stock-taking been deferred in favour of the export of an undefined Judaism to the rest of the world? What was said to King David applies: "You have not taken the areas around the palace, and yet you go forth to conquer the lands of others."

The direct result of the "divinely chosen" doctrine as understood today by large segments of Israel's population is nothing but exaggerated Jewish pride, which is completely unfounded and may only be an external expression of the loss of values and the emptiness lamented by a large part of "the people who dwell in Zion."

Let us be very careful not to take religious concepts "in vain," when we know full well that the concepts of a divinely chosen and treasured people are religious beliefs, whose rightful place is in the world of the believer.

THE VISION of the messianic redemption in the spirit of the prophets is another of those concepts constantly used by the intermediate generation after being completely emptied of their original, legitimate content. First, one must realize that the prophets' vision of future redemption is secondary to, and much less important than, their words of reproof about the present. It is doubtful that even a single prophet arose in Israel as a result of the compulsion to herald the legendary wild ox and leviathan menu promised at the end of days.

The Prophets arose in Israel, first

and foremost, to reprove the people of their time for their way of life, and they left the vision of the end of days for some undefined period. Any... who flees the present and harps on post-history ignores the major prophetic emphasis on real life. These are the very teachings, it seems, which are not considered suitable for quotation by those who continually use the vision of the Messianic end of days.

Mohammed once said of the Koran - with keen insight into human nature - that his book was not given to people so that they should contradict one section with another. From a general religious point of view, this also applies to the teachings of the prophets. They did not regard their messages as the fruit of personal inspiration but as the words of the living God. They therefore presented their teachings not in order that the Children of Israel, lacking in religious faith, would accept what was pleasant and without obligation while rejecting what did not suit them and required commitment - but, rather, so that whoever accepted the prophetic vision of the end of days would also accept, as of prime importance, the observance of the Sabbath. He who picks and chooses among the prophetic teachings, accepting them only in part and according to his own atheistic interpretation, makes a mockery of them.

It is often claimed that the vision of messianic redemption is central to the nation's uniqueness. This premise, too, has little to support it. The fact is that there was never unanimity about the nature of this redemption except for the faith that, whatever its form, it would be divine. It is



hard to posit, in the light of historical reality, that this bare, undefined faith contained the power to coalesce the people and be the cement of Jewish history. Sublime as it might be, abstract faith without action never had the compelling power to direct history. Not for nothing did the Children of Israel precede "We shall obey" with "We shall do" and emphasize the reward of every single commandment separately. They re-

cognized that it is the act, not the word, that is most important.

Even were we to accept this premise, we would have to be consistent and reach the conclusion that it is precisely those who so love to use the concept of Messianic redemption who prove most clearly that for them Jewish (not modern Israeli) history has ceased to exist. If faith in this vision is compelling for Jewish history, then exactly that aspect of it on which all believers are agreed - namely that the redemption will be directly at the hands of the God of Israel, giver of the Torah which is to be observed in its entirety - is irrelevant to those who proclaim the Messianic redemption. This, again, is not merely a new phase of faith but a change in substance and the elimination of the faith of the vision. It is not accidental that the true Jewish believer does not constantly speak of the distant future and the treasuredness of the Jewish people, but rather of the strong desire to improve every day life.

THE TRUTH is that there is a much more serious problem behind the present reality. Judaism, as a religious system of laws to be followed in daily practice, made man active in this world. Through the fulfilment of the commandments, the religion of Israel sought to free man from his submission to the laws of nature dominant in him. A rabbinic dictum has it that "there is no free man except he that occupies himself with the study of Torah." In other words, the truly free man is the one who has the will-power to accept and implement what is contrary to his nature, not the one who is ready to do whatever his heart dictates.

Mankind today appears to be marching in the completely opposite direction. Liberty and freedom of conscience, as they are interpreted throughout the world, including Israel, follow human nature unrestrainedly. The differences between people in the modern world are thus being blurred more and more. The logical conclusion for one who espouses this understanding of freedom should be complete integration with mankind, in lifestyles and even patterns of thought (except for maintaining, temporarily perhaps, a separate language). Israel like all the nations. Indeed, this course is that of many of the younger generation who were not raised with "Thou hast chosen us."

The intermediate generation, according to its concept of freedom, should also have followed this path. But since they are still burdened with the unwanted heritage of "Thou hast chosen us," they do not possess the will and spirit to perform that about-face, and are seeking another, new interpretation of the treasuredness of the Jewish people which has no support.

It is reasonable to assume that with the end of that generation will come the end of the parochial faith in our chosenness which cannot withstand criticism.

The non-religious Jew will see in the Jewish people a nation like all others, whereas the religious Jew will continue to believe, as have Jews throughout the generations, in Israel as a people treasured and divinely chosen in its relationships with God, without its relationships with the other peoples of the world being negatively affected in any way. □

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THE TWO common English terms are "charity" and "philanthropy." The former comes from a Latin word meaning "love, caring, dearness." The latter comes from the Greek and means "love of humanity."

The early shapers of the Jewish ethos apparently did not wish to leave the conduct implied by "charity" and "philanthropy" dependent on the extent of our love for our fellow human beings. They apparently knew — as history has shown, and as Oscar Wilde has pointed out — that mere love can drive us to kill the thing we love.

In Hebrew, then, one common term is *tzedaka*, which seems to be rooted in *tzedek*, meaning "justice" or "the right thing." The second common term is *gemilut hassadim*, which, from an analysis of the two words can be taken to mean "reciprocity of acts of grace" or "completion of gracious action," as though the world or history began with an act of grace that set off a chain of reciprocal grace that it is the duty of each human being to continue and complete.

And the Talmud elaborates (Succa, 49b): "Rabbi Elazar said: One who does *tzedaka* is greater than one who offers up all the Temple sacrifices, as said (Proverbs 21:3): 'To do *tzedaka* and justice is more desired by God than sacrifice.' But *gemilut hassadim* is greater than *tzedaka*. The Sages explained: One does *tzedaka* with one's money, but *gemilut hassadim* with both one's money and one's person; *tzedaka* is done only for the poor, while *gemilut hassadim* is for the benefit of both the rich and the poor; *tzedaka* is done only for the living, while *gemilut hassadim* is for both the living and the dead."

Indeed, Jewish charitable societies in general, especially free-loan funds, are traditionally called *gemillat hesed* — the Hebrew acronym is *genial*. Burial societies, and acts connected with providing a dignified burial, are called "*gemilut hesed shel emet* — the true *gemilut hesed*," because no reciprocity is expected from the beneficiary, the deceased person.

After attending to a dead person, the next highest form of charity, according to Maimonides's eight degrees, is helping a needy person to get back on his feet. Or as we read in the Talmud (Shabbat 63a): "Rabbi Akiva said in the name of Rabbi Shimon ben Lakish: Lending a needy person money is greater than giving him *tzedaka*; greatest of all is giving him money in exchange for a partnership."

THE *GEMAH HAHUG* — the free-loan fund of the Circle of American and British Settlers in Israel — does not enter into partnerships. But its loans to a large extent amount to gifts: besides being interest-free, they are not linked either to the dollar or to the cost of living. This is at the insistence of Shmaryahu Hacohen Margalit, the fund's initiator in 1963, today its honorary chairman and still its driving spirit, who interprets strictly the biblical proscription against taking interest.

Margalit was born in Jerusalem in 1897. As a yeshiva student here, he founded "The Association of Young Yeshiva Men," whose statement of purpose contained perhaps the first recorded use of the term "national-religious." At the same time, he and some fellow students eagerly accepted a suggestion by Zionist leader Menahem Mendel Ussishkin and, after taking a crash course given by David Yellin, became the first trained and organized group of Jewish tourist guides in Jerusalem — an occupation that was then almost exclusively in Arab hands.

After World War I Margalit went to the U.S., where for the next three decades he continued to be active, both professionally and as a layman, on behalf of Eretz Yisrael in general and the Religious Zionist movement in particular.

He and his family came home to Jerusalem in 1948, and here he worked in the Mizrahi-Hapoel Hamizrahi world headquarters and then in the Ministry for Religious Affairs until 1967. But even though he was now on pension, he did not retire, for by then he was busy with the circle, which, like its *Gemah Hahug*, was founded on his initiative and in his home.

The circle is affiliated to the world Religious Zionist movement, but the fund lends money also to non-members. In the late 1950s and the early 1960s, aliya from the English-speaking countries was a trickle (barely a few hundred a year from North America). But prominent among the newcomers were former activists in the Religious Zionist movement. Many veterans initially found no arena in which to continue their activity. So Margalit, who was a local "address" for many of those olim, initiated *Hahug*, The Circle.

It also transpired that some American and British newcomers and veterans were often short of a little cash to meet some emergency. So Margalit and his comrades, who until then had been making loans from their own private funds, founded the *Gemah Hahug* together with *Hahug*.

The loan fund's initial capital was provided by the circle's members. Its first financial report, in 1965, gave its loan capital as IL6,378 (\$2,126). Thanks to gifts and endowments by individuals and institutions over the years, the fund today has, according to treasurer David Alexander, about \$35,000 revolving capital, with about 120 persons getting loans each month. The members administer the fund voluntarily.

The maximum loan is \$10,000. But, says Margalit, the fund will sometimes lend this amount to more than one member of a family, and it also helps people to find other sources. In earlier years, he recalls, "being able to borrow one or two hundred pounds here and there to meet some emergency connected with health, the house or business sometimes meant the difference between a family's staying or returning to America in unhappy circumstances."

He related an episode that he thought perhaps sums up the main reason *d'être* for the *Gemah Hahug*. He had been active in many free-loan funds. Once an American newcomer showed up at one of them to apply for a loan. The man in charge mumbled to Margalit: "This American needs money?" The would-be borrower overheard and promptly walked out shamefaced.

"I went after him to apologize and helped to arrange a loan elsewhere," said Margalit. "Then I went back to my colleague and told him: 'That man didn't really need money. He wanted to donate money, and he came to see how we receive people. And you received him abominably.'"

ANOTHER *gemilut hassadim* project that is not merely materially helping an increasing number of people but is reaching deep into their lives and destinies is the *Keren Hateshuva* — the Repentance Fund. The man who started it about eight years ago and still administers it — though now as a member of a public committee — is Rabbi Avraham Hazan, chief chaplain of the Police, Border Police and Prisons Service since 1969, who tells how it began:

On his way home to Jerusalem

from Haifa one day, he decided to stop for the afternoon prayer service in the synagogue of the Tel Mond prison. He was astonished to find 60 young prisoners actively and attentively participating in the service.

He was told that the organizer and driving force of the three-daily communal prayer services and related activities was a youth serving a 15-year sentence for manslaughter committed in the course of a robbery.

He pursued the case until he got the youth pardoned after serving four-and-a-half years. He then tried to get him into a certain yeshiva, but was told there was no room. "I nearly choked," Hazan says. "I couldn't just let the boy go back to his former haunts."

He asked why there was no room, and was told that the yeshiva had no money for expansion. Were any premises available in the area? he asked. Yes, there was a flat for rent across the street. He told the head of the yeshiva to rent it, and he covered the initial rent out of his own pocket and with money he raised among relatives.

"And I've been involved in this ever since," says Hazan, who holds the prisons-service rank of tatumdar. Born in Algeria, 64 years ago, Hazan was ordained by several rabbis abroad and here, and has an M.A. in literature from Strasbourg University. From 1946 to 1960 he was chaplain to the French forces in Morocco, where he and several local Jews founded a religious-teachers' seminary jointly with the Alliance Israélite. Then he served until 1968 in Strasbourg where he was instrumental in founding the Sephardi community council and directed the centre established under the France-Israel cultural agreement for teaching Hebrew to university professors.

In 1968 he retired from the French army and brought his family to Jerusalem. After a year of intensive Tora study at the Harry Fischel Institute, he assumed his present post.

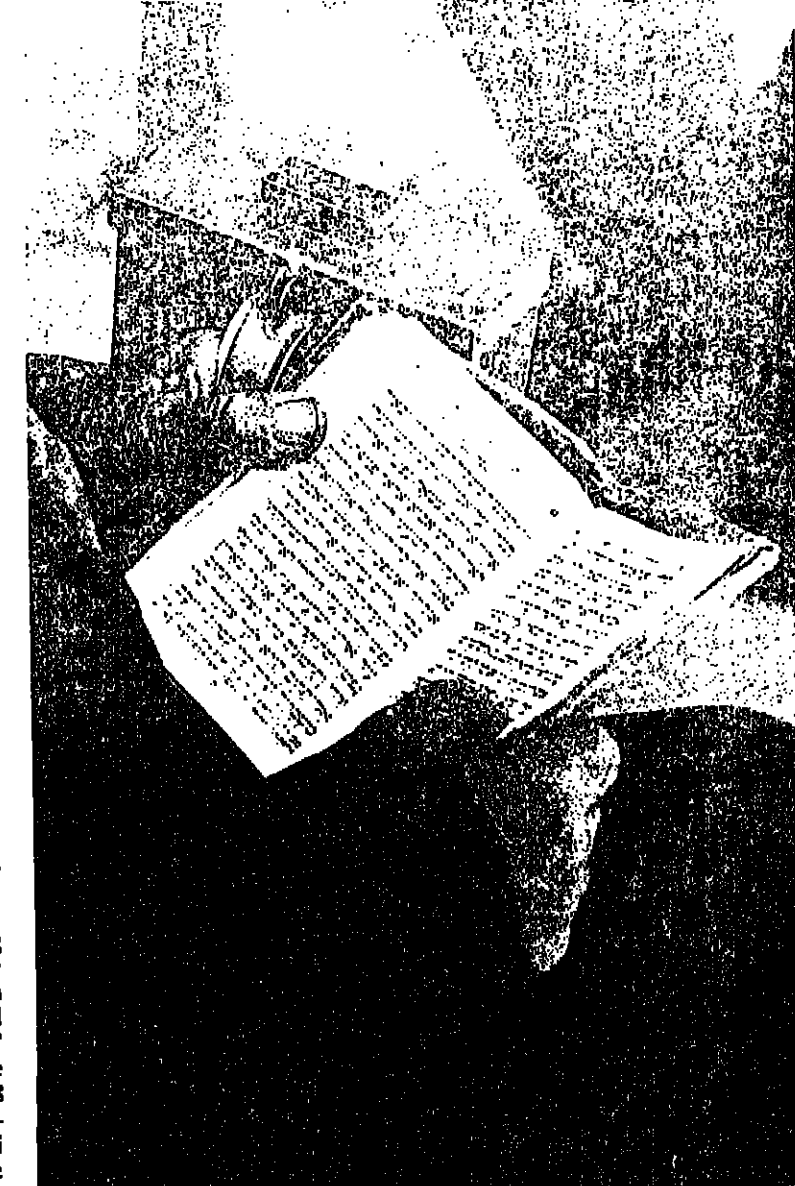
A Knight of the French Legion of Honour, the author of a work in French that he describes as "a spiritual chronology of the Yom Kippur War," he was chairman of the Association of Olim from France and North Africa from 1975 to this year, and is a governor of Bar-Ilan University.

The "this" in which Hazan has been involved since helping to rehabilitate the young Tel Mond prisoner includes the work that went into helping Amikam Mizrahi, a former Jerusalem pimp, hard-drug addict and thief, who spent seven years in prison, to become Rabbi Amikam Mizrahi, now 34, head of the Netiv Teshuva yeshiva in Ashdod and of the Institute for the Rehabilitation of Ex-Convicts.

Keren Hateshuva's main function is to direct ex-convicts who choose this path to suitable yeshivot. It then gives per-capita stipends to the yeshivot towards the tuition, and sometimes also the boarding costs of the men. It also finds money to help marry off these men, to arrange the brit mila ceremonies of their newborn sons, and for similar purposes. "But our help covers only a small part of the cost of maintaining a young man in yeshiva," Hazan said.

The fund also cooperates with several organizations active in the prisons and in the rehabilitation of former prisoners. These include the Jerusalem-based *Banishor* and *Hamaayan* in Beersheba, whose volunteers conduct various activities for ex-convicts and are running a yeshiva just opened in the Beersheba prison.

While *Keren Hateshuva*, registered as an amuta in 1977, began as



Greater than charity

The Post's MOSHE KOHN describes how some Israelis keep alive the tradition of 'gemilut hassadim,' the highest form of giving to those in need.

a Hazan family fund, friends in France and olim from that country have helped to enlarge it. It also gets some support from several foundations, "but we could do much more if we had more money," Hazan stresses.

It is now helping 150 ex-convicts attending various yeshivot, some of them for the fifth consecutive year. Forty per cent of them are also learning a trade or already have jobs. "So far we have had no drop-outs," Hazan says proudly.

"WORRY ABOUT the other person's body and your own soul, not about the other person's soul and your own body," said the 19th-century Hassidic leader, Rabbi Menahem Mendel of Kotzk.

That precisely is the concern of the *Matan Beseter Bambi* — Bambi Giving-in-Secret-Society in Jerusalem. Bambi is the acronym of *Besiyua Mishpachot Bruchot Yeladim*, for families with many children. It also happens to be the nickname by which Rachel Shalkowsky (née Bamberger), head nurse in the Sha'are Zedek Hospital's delivery room is known. (Hereafter I shall refer to her as "Bambi," in quotation marks, and to the fund as Bambi.)

It began, "Bambi" relates, during

the Yom Kippur War, when relatives and friends in Europe and the U.S., asked her how they could help. She knew of families that needed material help — breadwinners had been killed or seriously wounded, incomes had been drastically affected — so she suggested that the would-be benefactors "adopt" families by providing monthly supplementary support.

A women's organization in Lucerne promptly adopted three families. Others in Switzerland and Italy followed suit, and within a year, 25 families had been thus adopted. Today about 275 families are being helped by Bambi with an average of \$50 monthly. But there is more. Bambi will help a household to buy a refrigerator, washing machine, or some urgently-needed and relatively expensive drug or medical equipment not otherwise available. It will help finance an expensive operation or a trip abroad for medical treatment that has been approved by the Health Ministry.

In addition, twice a year — at Rosh Hashana and Pessah — Bambi helps another 700-750 families which "Bambi" says, "usually manage, but need just a little extra push for the holidays."



(Above) Rabbi Avraham Hazan. (Below) Shmaryahu Margalit, Rabbi Haim Freeman. (Bottom) Rachel 'Bambi' Shalkowsky, of Sha'are Zedek Hospital.



Cases are referred by social workers, teachers, rabbis, and others who know the particular families and their needs and are willing to serve as a kind of sponsor and trustee seeing to it that the necessary help is forthcoming.

All told, the fund disburses about \$210,000 annually — about \$10,000 a month and another \$45,000 in each of the holiday seasons.

Among Bambi's beneficiaries are more than 40 widows, most of them with children but also — notwithstanding the fund's stated aim of helping large families — some older widows, including a few who lost their husbands in the Holocaust. There are families with members suffering from brain or motor defects, or chronic illness; a family with two cerebral-palsy children; people without medical insurance suddenly incapacitated by a heart attack or some other long-term illness. And, "Bambi" reports, "in Jerusalem there are unfortunately many, many psychiatric cases, involving family breadwinners or housekeepers who are unable to function."

Questions sometimes arise on which the fund's administrators seek a halachic ruling from rabbis. For example, they will ask whether in a certain case it is better to give the

family outright *tzedaka*, or to extend *gemilut hassadim*.

In keeping with a principle of *gemilut hassadim* stated in the Talmud, "Bambi" says, "we try to enable people in need to maintain at least the standard of living to which they were accustomed. So we also have occasion to help otherwise well-off families."

Bambi's volunteers also help its beneficiaries get their due from the National Insurance Institute, the health funds and the social-welfare authorities, help with home chores, tend to the children, and so on. It is a registered society, administered by a public committee of four. These include "Bambi" herself, who coordinates the fund's activities out of the kitchen, hall and living room of her home in Givat Shaul before and after working hours. The volunteers include many of her colleagues at Sha'are Zedek.

About two-thirds of the money is contributed by benefactors abroad, and the remainder is raised here, by a group of four women. Overheads are covered out of the pockets of "Bambi" and her colleagues.

About half of the money, "Bambi" says, comes from small gifts. Some beneficiaries, after they get back on their feet, return what they

received and even donate some more.

One 12-year-old girl in London has for the past three years been sending money she earns by exchanging admission to a nature exhibition she arranged in her home. Her most recent cheque was for £100.

A Jerusalem doctor donated \$1,000 when it turned out his child did not, after all, need an expensive open-heart operation for which he probably would have needed financial help. And the bank handling the fund's account does so free of charge.

When we spoke about a month ago, "Bambi" said: "We have a waiting list of about 15-17 families needing long-range help, and we have a reserve of about \$5,000. But with God's help we think we'll be able to extend the routine help and do our usual holiday job."

ANOTHER of what one observer has called "the red blood cells of Israeli life" is *Mishkenot Yerushalayim*. This is a group of haredi young men who, for almost two years, at no charge, serve as real-estate agents helping needy families to find adequate living quarters. In addition, they have mobilized other volunteers to give these families free professional advice and help on all other matters pertaining to housing and social-welfare benefits.

The driving force behind this group, which was officially registered a year ago, is Haim Nahum Freiman, 35, a dealer in ritual objects, father of six. It all began when on his father-in-law's death some years ago, Freiman, assumed responsibility for education of his wife's seven brothers and sisters and then, as they reached marriageable age, for getting them married off and established.

"I really discovered then what a horrendous problem housing is, especially in large families, and most particularly in the haredi community, whose people have to live in a haredi environment."

Nevertheless, about half of the cases his organization helps out are not religious, nor are all its volunteers.

"The need," Freiman says, "is tremendous and our resources are still extremely limited. But we're encountering goodwill in most official quarters, and there are a number of private people here and abroad who are ready to help."

YET ANOTHER of the red blood cells is that maintained by the Jerusalem "Inner Wheel" club, one of 22 such clubs of wives of Rotarians in Israel.

Like the other Inner Wheels, the Jerusalem club, which has about 50 members, raises money for various causes and has volunteers helping at various institutions. In the past year, for example, it raised money for Hadassah Hospital's psycho-oncology fund, the Spafford medical clinic, the shelter for battered women, and the *Jerusalem Post's* own Forsake Me Not fund, among other causes, and its members help in the senior citizens' club in Kiryat Hayovel.

The newly-elected president is Georgina Young, who has been living here since 1963, when she and her late husband, Dr. Douglas Young, came here to establish the American Institute for Holy Land Studies. Of the Inner Wheel's *gemilut hassadim* activities she says: "Israel is a highly motivating place for those who want to be motivated. There's no end to the opportunities for those who want to become involved."

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DON'T WASTE PRECIOUS NATURAL RESOURCES SAVE WATER

AT FIRST it appeared to be merely a multiplication by a hundred of the old saw "three Jews, four opinions."

The 300 participants who turned up last Shabbat at Kibbutz Hatzor, near Ashdod, for a day-long seminar seemed to be making suggestions for a name for the organization to whose invitations they had responded.

The organizers, headed by a retired advertising executive Yuval Tal and Hebrew University professor and expert on the Holocaust Yehuda Bauer, had proposed the "Movement for Humanistic Secular Judaism." But the variations proposed by members of the intellectual, highly articulate audience soon boiled down to two basically differing approaches to the word "secular."

One was that of philosophical atheism, which was articulately represented primarily by the current members of Hashomer Hatzair kibbutzin and former members of that and other left-wing youth movements for whom the mere mention of the name God sets up allergic reactions.

Professor Bauer, himself a member of Kibbutz Shoval, expressed the point of view best when he said that the dividing line was between those who believed in the existence of a divine being who guided human affairs, and those who did not.

"Those who so believe can undoubtedly be humanists too," he said, "but it should be clear that this organization is not for them." For this reason, he argued strongly in favour of the retention of the term "secular" in the organization's name. (In another context, Bauer noted that a sister organization called *Hodmud*, the Movement for Political, Religious and Cultural Liberties, had recently been established for the purpose of attracting both observant and secular supporters of such liberties.)

Many other members of the audience, however, were not into that sort of secularism, and the inclusion of the term in the organization's name left them distinctly uncomfortable.

Why, then, had they come out in such numbers to the seminar of a "secular" movement? The answer they themselves gave, in various forms, was that they were looking for a new approach to Jewish tradition which would emphasize its continuity, adaptability and basic humanism as opposed to the "fossilization and petrification" of Jewish tradition as espoused by the dominant Orthodox rabbinate in Israel.

THE CHOICE of a name - with or without "secular" - for the organization that was chartered only three months ago was left, as is usual in such situations, to the founding committee, which promised to hold a referendum.

But the exact name is distinctly marginal. The really interesting aspect of the Shabbat at Kibbutz Hatzor was the general feeling that the determination to address the issue of a non-rabbinic interpretation of the 3,500 year old Jewish tradition, and its application in an alternative lifestyle, filled a need that is shared by possibly hundreds of thousands of non-observant Israelis.

The audience was clearly identifiable, and some of the participants remarked rather ruefully that they were almost entirely of European-American origin, or their sabra offspring, and obviously over 40.

Politically, it was also definitely left of centre, a segment of the population that has been traumatized by the directions in which Israeli society has developed in the last decade and a half.

The search for a "humanistic



Different strokes

A new organization is seeking alternative ways of expressing the Jewish tradition of humanism. The Post's YOSEF GOELL reports.

Judaism" is undoubtedly an outgrowth of the breakdown of the vision and shared belief of the Labour Zionist camp which dominated and guided Israel from the formative pre-State period and for the first quarter of a century after statehood.

THE CLIMAX of that breakdown came, paradoxically, with the formation of the present government, in which the Labour Party has finally come back to a semblance of national power after seven years in the opposition.

Can there be any doubt that the manner in which the negotiations were conducted, and the compromises that were reached in order to make the establishment of the government of national unity possible, spelled doom to the special vision that had fuelled the ethos of Labour Zionism for well over half a century?

The crisis in Labour Zionist belief, which is much broader than a mere reflection of Israeli trends and is very much part of a more universal crisis in socialist belief throughout the Western world, has in this country been accentuated by the parallel rise of a self-assertive, aggressively fundamentalist religiosity.

In a way, there has been a virtual pendulum reaction here. During the half century in which Labour Zionism was dominant in the Yishuv and in world Zionism, religious Zionism was at best a marginal movement; and anti-Zionist ultra-Orthodoxy was simply outside the system and totally irrelevant.

As belief in Labour Zionist values and its central visions began to break down, ultra-nationalist religious Zionism began to assert itself from the early 1970s onwards. And since Menachem Begin's advent to power in 1977, the pendulum had swung even more to the right with the rise of an assertive anti-Zionist ultra-Orthodoxy.

This has been true for our society as a whole but even more so within the religious camp itself. That segment of the Israeli Jewish population has not been growing in overall numbers, but the trend has definitely been towards a greater ultra-Orthodoxy, even in the Gush Emunim national-religious wing of the camp.

For the people who came to Hatzor, these trends are anathema, to use a religious term to describe the

emotions of people who believe themselves to be totally secular. Given their age, some have children who have been attracted to the born-again fundamentalism of the *hazara b'ishuva* movement, which appals them. For in their eyes, *hazara b'ishuva* is merely a Jewish version of other cults such as Emin, Scientology, Hare Krishna and the like, whose "victims" in Israel come largely from kibbutz children and those of the comfortably-off liberal to left-wing families in town.

What has all this to do with Jewish "humanism"? The answer is that the organizing group is seeking to recapture the Jewish heritage from the claims to exclusivity made for it by Israel's Orthodox and ultra-Orthodox establishments.

The adoption of the name "humanistic" assumes an anti-humanistic identity for the rabbinical camp. And, indeed, this was a point made time and again in the lectures delivered at the seminar. The need for a differentiation around the concept of humanism, it was argued, has become more urgent with the rise of Meir Kahane and the failure of the mainstream religious leadership to condemn his crude racism, and the discovery of the Jewish terrorist movement among members of Gush Emunim and the failure of that movement's leadership to disown them.

(Prof. Bauer noted that the well-known Jewish adage, *Hameitz nefesh ahat ke'ilu hetzil olan ume-to'o* (saving one life is like saving the whole world) which was the version in the original Talmudic manuscripts, was amended by rabbis in the Middle Ages to read *Hameitz nefesh ahat b'Yisrael...* (saving one Jewish life...))

Today's rabbinate in Israel, he added, interprets Rabbi Hillel's tenet, *Veahava lereyecha kamocha* (Thou shalt love thy fellow as thyself) to mean only "thy fellow Jew." There are those, he added, who insist on limiting the injunction to "thy fellow observant Jew."

This approach is certainly reflected in Meir Kahane's diatribes, in which he has vowed "to take on all the Jewish goyim once he has finished getting rid of Israel's Arabs.

THE LECTURES at the seminar were divided between such attacks on, and expressions of horror at, the narrowness and "black reaction" of

today's rabbinate, and the need to rediscover, and to disseminate in appropriate lifestyles, the humanistic traditions in Judaism.

Characteristic of the latter was an erudite talk by Zecharya Goren of Kibbutz Haogen, who teaches at the Kibbutz Movement teachers' seminary, Oranim, on the meaning and functions of holidays and rituals. His thesis was that no society can exist without rituals and that the function of holidays is to transmit a society's traditional values at set times via accepted ritualistic codes. (His talk was so far-ranging that I shall report on it in detail in a separate article.)

The central talk on the "black reaction" thesis was a teaching exercise conducted by Arye Eilon, a graduate of the nationalist Orthodox Midrashat No'am in Pardes Hanna (one of the intellectual fountain-heads of the Gush Emunim movement) and the son of Supreme Court Justice Menachem Eilon, who was a Likud-NRP candidate for the presidency last year.

The exercise consisted of the reading of one example of a rabbinical *responsa*, an exchange of letters which took place in 1974 between a graduate of the Midrashat, who was doing army service in Arab civilian areas after the Yom Kippur War, and his spiritual mentor, Rabbi Shimon Weiser. (He has since published the exchange in *Niv Hamidrasht*.)

THE SOLDIER, identified only as Moshe, asks his rabbi two questions which arose during soldiers' debates on wartime morality:

"Is it permissible to kill unarmed people - such as women and children? And is it permissible to take revenge on Arabs - tit for tat - just as they murder indiscriminately?"

"The answer wasn't clear to me. Perhaps, after all, the Arabs should be subject to the biblical injunction on Amalek, that is, that it is permissible to kill them all and to erase their memory? Or should one behave as in war, and kill only the soldiers?"

"A second problem. Should I endanger myself by permitting a woman to live? Because there have been cases in which women have been thrown grenades. And, am I permitted to give water to an Arab who has raised his hands in surrender? Because there may be a suspicion that he is fooling me and intends to kill

me. And such cases have actually occurred."

Rabbi Weiser gives an exhaustive reply typical of such *responsa*, starting with an analysis of the relevant biblical injunction, through the Mishnaic and Talmudic commentaries, through the Mechilut, the Tosefta, Maimonides and others.

The upshot of his answer, as a ruling of the Halakha, was: "One must differentiate between peace-time and wartime. Even though in times of peace we are forbidden to kill non-Jews (*nokhrim*)... in wartime we are commanded to kill them."

Commenting on the biblical injunction to "smite him first who rises to smite thee," Rabbi Weiser sums up his approach to wartime morality thus:

"But in this regard, this is how the Jew is different from the goy. [The above injunction] refers to a Jew as well. But the Mishna Sanhedrin is clear that the commandment applies only when there is a suspicion that he actually intends killing you."

"In wartime, that is the reasonable inference regarding the goy. He must always be considered to be intending to kill you unless it is clear that he has no such evil intention..."

"This is what determines the approach of the halakha to 'wartime morality' - and not the alien concept which is now accepted in the IDF, a concept, that to our regret, has brought a not inconsiderable number of casualties on our side..."

TO WHICH the yeshiva student-soldier Moshe replies:

"I have understood the following from your letter: In wartime I am permitted, may I command, to kill every Arab man and woman who crosses my path if there is any suspicion that they are aiding the war against us, either directly or indirectly."

"For my part, I am commanded to kill them even if that entails getting enmeshed in military law. I feel that you point about the morality of arms should be transmitted to the educational institutions, or at least to the religious ones, so that they should develop an outlook in the matter and should not wander aimlessly in the field of 'logic' but rather that they should have the halachic law expounded to them."

"To my regret, I have seen too much of such 'logic' among our own religious fellows. I hope that you will take action in this regard, so that our young men may know what our forefathers' line was in this matter, clearly and conclusively."

ALL THE ABOVE, horrible as it sounds, could be put down to hypothetical curiosity, were it not for the fact that accused Numbers One and Two in the trial of the Jewish terrorist organization were graduates of the self same Midrashat No'am.

In all truth, it must be added, there is not a shred of evidence that religious soldiers have ever actually acted on Rabbi Weiser's halachic ruling, either in the territories or in Lebanon.

Humanistic Judaism may, at first blush, sound a somewhat bombastic name. But if the above is Halakha - and there is no doubt that it is - can there be any question that there is an urgent need for an alternative humanistic interpretation of Jewish tradition and a Jewish vision for the future?

The association has established branches in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Haifa, Rehovot-Rishon LeZion and Beersheba, which meet monthly. □

IN THIS PERIOD of personal and communal introspection, it may be appropriate to reflect on some interesting paradoxes that came to the surface this summer at the American Jewish Congress Dialogue on Jewish feminism: "Woman a Jew, Jew as Woman."

The Americans came to Israel "trailing clouds of glory," thrashed with excitement over Geraldine Ferraro's nomination for the vice-presidency, radiant with what the women's liberation movement had wrought during the last decade. And much had been accomplished. Women had pushed up the professional ladder of success. They had penetrated male spheres in academic, political and corporate life.

The Israeli feminists, debilitated by the American accomplishments, felt deprived, injured. They rallied by marching to the Kemp David Hotel, where Pore and Mann were meeting, to deliver a list of their demands to the Labour and Likud chancellors. They vowed that women would cross party and ideological lines to fight for the women's issues.

And yet there was some vague discomfort in all this. There is no doubt a desire among Israeli women for equal rights, equal attention, ultimately for justice. Yet it has none of the emotional weight, the painful urgency that it had a decade ago in America. Moreover, the question repeatedly arises, how does it connect with our Jewishness? What about Woman as Jew? Conflicts certainly exist between Judaism and feminism. Blu Greenberg repeatedly reminds us that by undermining Jewish family life, feminism can undermine the survival of the Jewish people in the Diaspora. She points to the low birthrate among Jews, to homosexuality and intermarriage which, in a few generations, can make the Jews a species in danger of extinction.

"In order to survive," says this articulate spokeswoman for religious feminism, "we need critical mass." Yet unwilling to sacrifice the benefits of feminism, Blu Greenberg attempts to reconcile the conflicting values. She calls for "an exchange of agendas." Feminism should assume a Jewish agenda, while Jewish family life has to assist the feminist agenda.

"A primary model does exist in Judaism," says Blu Greenberg. "One must strive for this model without discriminating against individuals who do not choose it. At the same time, one must inculcate the values of equality, educating young men and women to sharing."

Another conflict was inadvertently revealed when Israeli educator Debbie Weissman queried, "Taking into account the desperate need for high-level Jewish education, why is it better for Jewish women to be lawyers than teachers?"

The conflict of values was dissipated somewhat when Cynthia Ozick brilliantly anchored feminism in Judaism. Abandoning what she called the smoke-filled room without smoke, she raised the discussion to a level of generalization, to philosophy, which can help structure our thinking on the subject. She characterized feminism as a striving for personhood, perceiving women as well as men as ends in themselves.

And where do we find the beginnings of personhood? Ozick asserts that it doesn't begin with Kant or liberalism but is first found in the Judaic tradition, in Jewish sources. In the story of Hana and Elhanan in the Book of Samuel I.

"In a patriarchal society," Ozick explains, "a woman had no value unless she was a mother. Without motherhood she was nothing." And



POINTS OF CONFLICT

ROCHELLE FURSTENBERG has some observations on the status of Jewish feminism, and its effect on Israeli women.

so Hana goes up to the altar to pray for a child. But her husband Elhanan appreciates her as a person, loves her despite the fact that she is childless. He begs her not to pine for children, not to be jealous of the coquettish Pinna who has borne him children. He consoles Hana: "Is not my love for you worth seven sons?"

This story is the beginning of feminism, says Ozick. It is a vision that denies instrumentality, opposes the view that anatomy is destiny. "It is consonant with the monotheism that Judaism brought to the world. Monotheism transcends body and biology. It is the first religion to tell us that the Creator is not tied to biology. And that man was created in God's likeness. He, too, has the ability to transcend the material world."

Betty Friedan also helps bridge the gap between feminism and Judaism by asserting that feminism puts many women in touch with their authentic selves. It brought people like herself back to their Jewish identity. Yet, observing the American scene today, the question arises whether feminism has led to authenticity, personhood, a sense of self-esteem, or whether it has simply brought about a new instrumentality by which women are not reduced to their child-bearing organs but rather to their professional functions.

On the one hand, the expansive-ness of the early feminist movement, the broadened opportu-

nities, the change in consciousness reflect a larger vision of mankind. On the other, one is tempted to perceive the feminist movement in a Marxist fashion, as part of a larger historical process whose aim is to impose a new technological class system on women as well as on men. Today in the States, one is witnessing the hardening of a system and hierarchy where women, too, are tied to the Procrustean bed of professionalism.

FEMINISM, it seems, reveals where a society's greatest emotional investment is to be found. In the U.S. the deepest aspect of American culture affecting women is its work ethic, its Puritan roots. Inadequacy in this realm most affects one's self-image, and is the area of greatest sensitivity. Therefore, it was dissatisfaction in this area which triggered American women's struggle for equal rights. For Israel, the sensitive point is the cultural character of the State, the degree to which the culture is to be identified with the Jewish religion, the grappling of an old tradition with a modern secular world. It is therefore not women's advancement in work or politics which arouses the greatest interest, but women's position in relation to religion.

The greatest passions, feelings of injustice, at the Dialogue, for example, were directed against the religious establishment. It is the miscarriage of justice in religious practices,

the travesties in relation to religious divorce, that arouse the greatest ire. Here is the tender spot in relation to women.

Although statistically the Rabbinate has far less effect on the everyday lives of Israeli women than the Labour Ministry, the media, the educational system, the army, the machismo atmosphere of the market-place, it is in the religious realm that the emotions run high, that the attack is sharpest. It seems that the rabbinic tradition has come to symbolize the history of male dominance in Jewish life.

In many ways, it is an emotion-laden but easy scapegoat, for it demands little change on the part of Israeli women themselves. It does not affect the lifestyle or consciousness of the secular woman. And in truth, Israeli women as a whole do not seem unhappy enough with their lives to create a revolution. In all respects other than religion, Israeli women accept their lives. They have accommodated to the forces in the society which conflict with feminism. These conflicting family and nation-building values seem to give as much satisfaction to the Israeli woman as the personal, professional values. She often modifies her own professional power-drive to keep the competing values in balance.

THE VALUES of family and nation-building are often intertwined. Family remains central in

Israeli life. There is a high marriage rate and a low divorce rate. Michal Paldi, head of research at the Social Research Institute of the Kibbutz, has pointed out that Israel's security situation has a great influence on inculcating the value of family. Danger and war increase the craving for intimate life, for love relationships. A young man facing dangers wants to be assured of continuity through children. Added to this, religion integrates family through traditional holidays and symbols. The fact that Israel is a small, intimate society also helps to keep families intact.

At the same time, necessity demands that Israeli women work. Dalia Yitzraeli, professor of sociology and anthropology at Bar-Ilan University, in a perceptive discussion of Israeli women in the workplace, maintained that Israeli women do not perceive family life as inhibiting work. They combine family life and employment. "The strategy for coping with this double challenge," says Professor Yitzraeli, "is flexible work schedule, a schedule that allows mothers to be home when children are home, particularly during vacations. This accounts for the attraction of teaching. In other fields, such as medicine, women often choose specializations which are not as demanding time-wise. These double goals undermine women's professional drive. They cause women to keep a low profile, retreating from situations of high mobility. Consequently, they get paid less, have less status."

In addition, says Yitzraeli, women don't get ahead because they don't belong to "the old boys clubs." They don't have the connections men have. In America, the elite is drawn from corporations, connections are made in Ivy League schools, while in Israel the elite comes from the high ranks of the army, the arenas of political power, areas in which women play minor roles. Accepting national priorities over feminist ones, women have not sought to undermine these frameworks. Believing that it is their own choice to live a more limited professional life for family and national reasons, they do not feel victimized or deprived.

IN THE LIGHT OF history and the needs of Israeli society at this time, there seems to be an unwritten consensus on national and family issues among Israeli women. It is in regard to religion that women's issues are bogged down, both for the religious and the non-religious, by Haskala-type posturing and semantics.

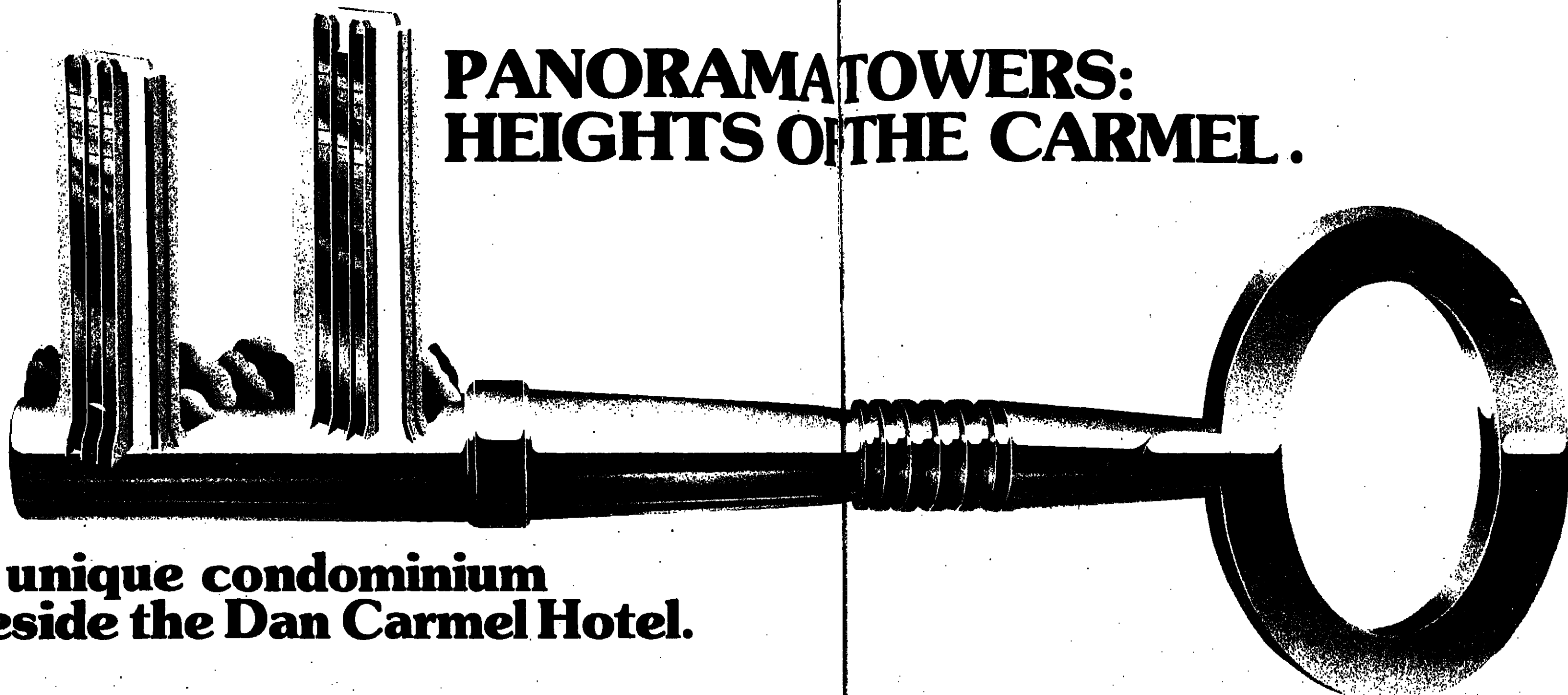
Judith Hauptman, assistant professor of Talmud at the Jewish Theological Seminary, indicated that this need not be the case. There are models in the past, persistent attempts in the Talmud to ameliorate women's position. Whether one calls it "change" or not, grappling with Halakha in varying circumstances creates different modes of religious life.

Hana Safrai, director of the Judith Lieberman Institute, called for "informed pressure," and Debbie Weissman, extending this idea, called upon women to take responsibility for their Judaism, not to relegate Jewish tradition to religious institutions and authorities, but rather to find ways of expressing it in their own lives.

If these learned women are indeed heeded, perhaps Pinna Peli's reminder that the objective of religion is to bring the *Shekhina* - the Divine Presence - into the world will be fulfilled. Perhaps the female aspect of religion will be given its due. □

The author is a Jerusalem free-lance writer.

PANORAMA TOWERS: HEIGHTS OF THE CARMEL.



A unique condominium beside the Dan Carmel Hotel.

The Site: Pearl of the Carmel

In the choicest location on the Carmel Ridge — the panorama outlook — Haifa's newest landmark is under construction. Panorama Towers, Israel's most prestigious project, is a high-rise apartment building — unique, a twin of the new Dan Panorama Hotel tower next door, connected and served by a roofed shopping center (Mall).

The entire project says HAUT MONDE, from the foundation to the elegant penthouse, perched on the twenty-second floor. From the sumptuous walls of marble and mosaic to the fine rugs and accessories found in the luxurious apartments, Panorama Towers is a joint venture of the Federmann Group, Solel Boneh, and the Unico Inv. Corp. Ltd.

The Quality of Life: On a Clear Day, You Can See Beyond The Horizon

Panorama Towers are surrounded by parks and gardens: to the South, Haifa's famous Gan Ha'em; on the East, the garden of the Pioneers; to the West, the Panorama Gardens and looking northward, the Carmel Ridge Bird's view. Even from the lowest apartment storey, situated on a normal sixth floor level, the view is breathtaking as from the flats facing the Haifa bay and harbor up to Rosh Hanikra.

From apartments facing East, the Galilee heights and Mount Hermon; and the South side gives you the Carmel peaks and the coastline down to the beach of Afit beyond.

The blue Mediterranean is yours. So are all of Haifa, and the lush forests of the Carmel. Through your panoramic windows, mountain breezes freshen the air — nature truly caresses you.

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As a resident of Panorama Towers, you enjoy services and benefits found only in the most prestigious apartment buildings in Europe and the United States.

Private indoor parking. Three swift Nechushtan-Schindler electronically operated elevators. A magnificent lobby. Sophisticated security and control equipment. A separate luxurious entrance area for every two apartments. Wall-to-wall carpeting. Wooden paneling. Fail-safe emergency lighting and, of course, total maintenance under the supervision of Panorama Towers caretakers.

In addition, the services of the adjacent Dan Panorama Hotel are at your disposal: swimming pool, club, restaurants and more. Just one telephone call brings a splendid dinner right to your table — an intimate "repas à deux" or for a banquet.

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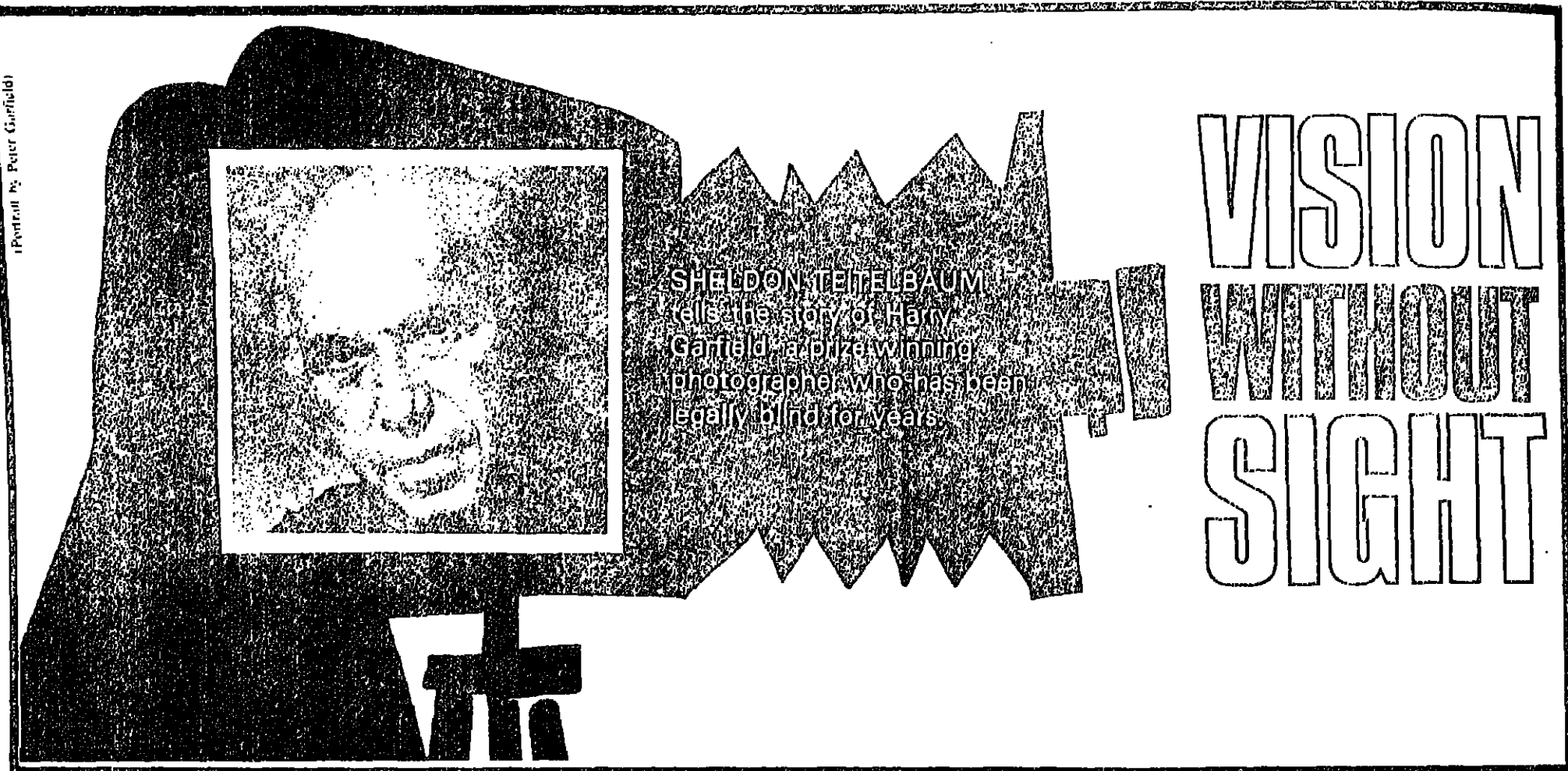
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SHELDON METZELBAUM tells the story of Harry Garfield, a prize-winning photographer who has been legally blind for years.

VISION WITHOUT SIGHT



BEETHOVEN devoted a lifetime to the composition of music he would never hear. And Harry Garfield, a noted Jewish American photographer, has dedicated the major portion of his adult life to capturing images so fleeting, so elusive, he can never see them.

At 76, the robust resident of Florida has finally garnered his fair share of national artistic recognition in the U.S. Kodak recently honored him with an exhibition in his native Rochester, New York. The internationally acclaimed magazine *American Photographer* featured the man and his work in a recent issue. The Smithsonian Institute in Washington has hosted a Garfield selection on several occasions.

Not bad for a man who is, by most definitions, as blind as a bat.

HARRY GARFIELD was born in New York and raised in an orphanage. He was not, he says, fated for a life of any particular success or distinction. "In fact," he recalls from his study in a North Miami beach-front condominium, "I only really began my education at the age of 15 when I discovered the orphanage's magnificent library."

He read voraciously until age 17, when he was, having come of age, unceremoniously turned out.

"Those two years stood me in good stead," he says. At least I was able to find a job. It wasn't what I wanted, but it was work."

A self-taught man at 17, Garfield found himself in the *shmatte* business, first as a shipping clerk and, finally, as a salesman. "And I hated every minute of it."

During World War II, Garfield threw in the towel as far as textiles were concerned and picked up a camera instead. "I spent a year teaching myself how to use the thing, mainly by trial and error. And then I went into business."

With the help of his wife Helen, Harry Garfield opened a studio in New Jersey where he specialized in child portraiture. "This constituted a minor revolution in photography at the time," claims Helen Garfield, "because Harry decided, right from the start, to capture children on celluloid in their natural state."

"Prior to this," continues Harry Garfield, "children posed and their pictures were touched up by the

photographer. Blemishes were removed, as were other distinguishing marks - scars, dirt, whatever. But I thought the charm was in shooting the kids as they were - others agreed, because the system caught on."

But Garfield had only begun to make an artistic and financial go of it when something else began to go on him - his eyes.

"The doctors diagnosed a debilitating disease of the retina," recalls Helen Garfield, "the gradual transformation of his retina into the tissue equivalent of Swiss cheese."

"They told me I would be functionally blind within a few years at the most," adds her husband.

The Garfields defied misfortune. Harry Garfield turned to a friend in the optics industry who custom-manufactured increasingly more powerful magnifiers specially designed for his camera. For a time, the device sufficed.

"And when I got to the point that not even the strongest glasses were of any use to me," he says, "when I was so far gone all I could see on the standard eye examination chart was the big E on top, I decided to use my wife as my eyes."

"It's worked rather well," continues Helen. "Whenever I see something of photographic interest, I point it out to Harry. With his magnifier, he's able, if not to pick out the fine details, at least to frame the shot with a keen eye for composition."

"HARRY ISN'T a great fan of my theory," she says, "but I truly believe that his legal blindness accounts in no small part for his artistic achievements. Some people are blinded by the trees and thus can't see the forest. Not Harry. The forest is all he has to go on!"

"Baloney," snaps Garfield good-naturedly. "If I could see - really see - I'd take much better shots than I do. Or, at least, different kinds of shots."

The shots he's taken to date have certainly afforded Harry Garfield with reason enough to be proud. One picture on his study wall features a somewhat younger Harry Garfield in a faculty shot of the Famous Photographers School - in its day, perhaps the most famous

instructional institution in the world. Also figuring in the picture are a jut-jawed Rod Serling several years before his fatal heart attack and, behind him, a more affable Benet Cerf - there was a Famous Writers School for aspiring wordsmiths too.

The Garfields have also been gratified by the fact that both their children - a son and a daughter - have followed their parents into the business.

THE TEAM of Garfield & Garfield shut down its studios - by the time of Harry's retirement they had numbered three - during the late Sixties. Leaving aside the tender countenances of children, the couple set about on what would become considerable travels around the world and would include several trips to Israel.

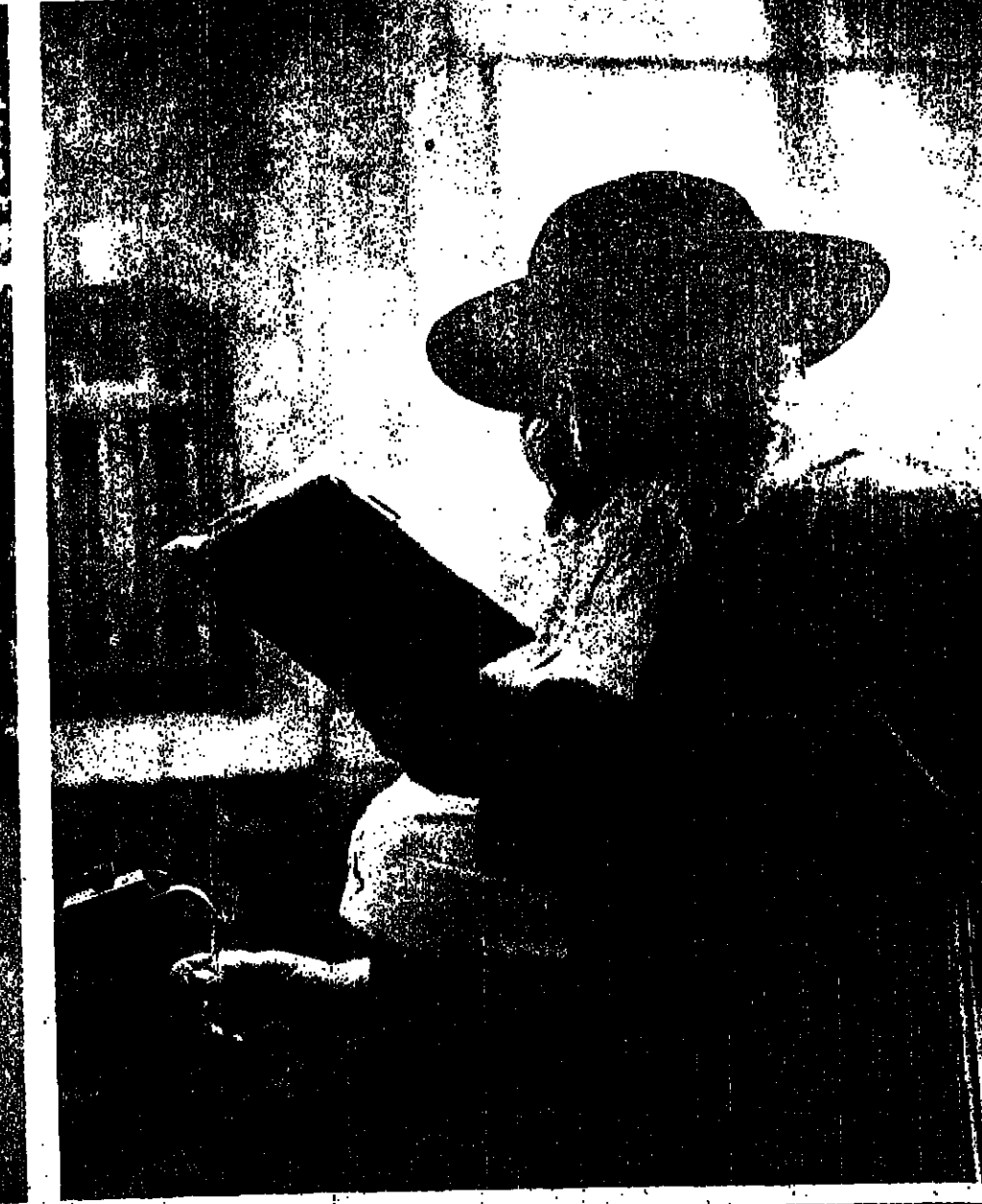
"Unfortunately for Helen," says Harry, "most of the places we went were hardly what you'd call tourist attractions - islands and towns and villages no one has ever heard of. But as little as they had to offer the traveller, for the photographer they were virtual gardens of Eden."

"We spent most of our time," says Helen, "spying on people. Harry doesn't like his work to be intrusive. We would find shots of interest and Harry would zoom in on the scene from afar."

"No," says Harry. "I have never concerned myself with the ethics of this practice. I would never shoot anyone engaged in an act they would be ashamed of having pictured or a shot one could deem private. The scenes I go after are public."

HARRY WOULD shoot the picture and Helen, herself possessed of a degree in art, would do the developing and finishing. The result of one particular trip to Israel brought Harry Garfield to the attention of Geoffrey Weill, until recently the director of the Israel Government Tourism Office in Manhattan. "Weill wanted me to go back to Israel to do some work for the ministry, but I politely declined. Meeting schedules and specific requirements would be work for me and work is something we've decided to avoid for some time now. We're more interested in having a good time!"

"Boy, do we ever have a good time," says Helen.



DECKED OUT in ceremonial robes, his stance noble, his dark, handsome features illuminated by an inner light of wisdom, his voice rich and mellow, the young Kenyan medico looked the very incarnation of some ancient African prince, priest or prophet.

Though he strongly resembled some stereotype image of a visionary, his unabashed use of Herzlian phraseology was surprising. The fact that Kenya borders Herzl's alternative homeland, Uganda, had nothing to do with Dr. Anthony Mateka's choice of the quote "if you will it, it is no dream." He was simply using a proven, workable maxim.

Mateka is one of more than 27,000 trainees from Third World countries who, over the past three decades, have profited by the Israel experience. Here we are, out to smash records for annual inflation rates, witnessing the decline of agricultural exports and the rapid increase of unemployment - and in the face of all that, extending aid simultaneously to 34 countries, when we seem to have found no way of helping ourselves. Of the 34, only 23 have formal diplomatic ties with Israel. An exchange of envoys is not a prerequisite for setting cooperation in motion.

The Foreign Ministry is marking 1984 as the 25th anniversary of the start of Israel's technical cooperation programmes with developing countries and the establishment of the Ministry's Division for International Cooperation. But it's closer to 30 years since Israel began sharing her knowledge and skills with other countries. One of the first ventures, in 1955, was an agricultural project in Burma. Another milestone in what the Foreign Ministry calls its 'dialogue for development' was 1958, when Golda Meir, in her capacity as Minister of Foreign Affairs, first visited Africa.

The unenviable difficulties facing the emerging African states struck a chord. On her return home, Golda set up the Division of International Cooperation, which in the span of quarter of a century, or what its present director Yohanan Bein terms "the achievements of one generation" touched the lives of people in more than a hundred countries in Africa, Asia, Oceania, the Caribbean and Latin America.

THE MOST popular courses are those rooted in agriculture. Given the problems of feeding the world's hungry masses, it is understandable that all countries seeking cooperation from Israel, place agriculture as a priority. Foreign Ministry director general David Kimche, speaking at the DIC's 25th anniversary celebrations in Jerusalem, early in September, stated that from a humanitarian point of view, the biggest catastrophe in the world today is that "millions of people live on the brink of starvation and there is not enough food to go around."

His audience, included 180 trainees and instructors from seven training centres and a large representative gathering of diplomats from those countries with which Israel does have diplomatic exchanges, including Sweden, Holland and the Federal Republic of Germany, the three countries which provide the largest shares of funding for the DIC's programmes via scholarships and grants.

The festivities commenced with a colourful tree-planting ceremony to the Jerusalem Peace Forest and concluded with a reception at Beit Hanaasiy Flaga of the 34 nations whose trainees are in Israel were taken out of storage. In countries which had experienced a revolution and change of flag in the wake of



Showing the Third World the Way

Despite the magnitude of its own problems, Israel's foreign aid programme has flourished and 27,000 trainees from over 100 countries have graduated from courses here the past 25 years. The Post's GREER FAY CASHMAN reports.

change of government, both the old and the new flag were brought to the Peace Forest. Trainees themselves were given the option of which flag to carry up the hill in the multi-national procession.

The proliferation of national costumes would have been a fashion designer's delight. It inspired an observer to note the astounding impact of traditional Third World dress on western fashions, and to reflect on how little revenue those who inspired the trends sweeping the globe are getting for what top international designers are toiling as their own creations.

Many of the participants in the courses are practicing Christians or Moslems who have elected to study in Israel so that they can intersperse their courses with pilgrimages to holy sites. The emotional significance is not lost on the Foreign Ministry. As DIC assistant director Benjamin Abileah told them "planting a tree is an act of faith in the future - and it will help to beautify Jerusalem."

After agriculture, the best attended courses are in cooperation and labour followed by community development and education, science and technology, public health and

social medicine, youth programmes, comprehensive regional development planning, administration and specialised industrial training. Siphon Shongwe, who participated in a community development course at the Mount Carmel International Training Centre in 1982, is today Minister for Works and Communication in Swaziland. Other alumni have become trade union, regional and parliamentary leaders. Through courses held in conjunction with the Ministry of Agriculture, the Histadrut (Israel Federation of Labour), the Hebrew University Hadassah Medical School, numerous kibbutzim and institutions, Israel has an incalculable influence. Progress often transcends economic considerations alone. President Chaim Herzog, in his own reference to cause and effect, noted that "the lives of women, that all too neglected half of the human race, can certainly be eased and enriched by the approach set forth in the course impressively described as Promotion of Income-Generating Projects for Women in Rural Areas."

It is precisely this course which has given Phyllis Johnson of Jamaica a whole new outlook on life. According to Johnson, there is no sexual

mistry at the Hebrew University, having earned his M.A. in Thailand. Wongvisetsirikul had read a lot about Israel and he wanted to learn more. "Israel is a small country, but the voice of Israel is not so small" he said. "It is very strong and Israel is always in the news. I wanted to see where the news comes from." His wife Pornthip was equally curious and came along not just for the ride, but to learn in her own field. She has been working as an obstetrics and gynaecological nurse at Hadassah hospital. The couple will eventually return to Thailand with the most tangible of memories of Israel - their son, who has been registered as an Israeli national.

Throughout his four years here, Wongvisetsirikul has widened his political horizons through long and penetrating conversations with both Jews and Arabs. He is still looking for an answer to "how Jews survive among the enemy."

Seung-Hwa Back from South Korea, arrived at Hadassah in 1981 to study pharmacy. He was drawn here, because he is a religious Christian, but now after three years, his affection for Israel is based on a wide range of experiences, not all of which are bound up with religion. In fact, he cannot imagine himself living for too long a period outside Israel, and is seriously planning to commute backwards and forwards between Israel and Korea.

Not all those who would like to participate in programmes here, have the means to come. Scholarships and grants from both government and non-government agencies are limited. But when Mohammed can't come to the mountain, the mountain goes to Mohammed. More than 8,000 Israeli experts have been sent abroad to impart knowledge and skills in far-off towns and villages. Whether here or there, there is a remarkable ongoing current of warmth between trainees and instructors. Close, life-long friendships develop with exchanges of letters and greeting cards and visits between families. Trainees who have been invited here to family celebrations are eager to reciprocate gracious hospitality in their own countries, whether directly or indirectly. All Israelis fare better at their hands as a result of what each has personally gained from Israel. As vital as it is for anyone to acquire more insight into irrigation methods, farm management, fish pond culture, harvesting, marketing, management, early childhood education, development of cooperatives and regional planning, nothing can override the people-to-people contact. It isn't just the contact between trainees and Israelis, but as Mateka points out "the opportunities to learn from each other and to enhance our capacity for cooperation and understanding."

The cooperation, without doubt, contributes to Israel's prestige in the community of developing nations - and also to Israel's export revenues. Much of the farm machinery which trainees encounter here for the first time, is sold abroad to the countries from which they came.

Arab pressures notwithstanding, the Third World will cut its ties with Israel only so far. Israel has set them a target to which they all aspire. International Middle East experts, says Bein, have calculated that in this region of the Middle East, pool as it is in fertile land and water, it takes at least 25 years to double food production. In that same period, Israel has increased food production twelve-fold. "You can do the same in your countries" he told trainees. "only you can do it better than we did, because you need not repeat our mistakes."

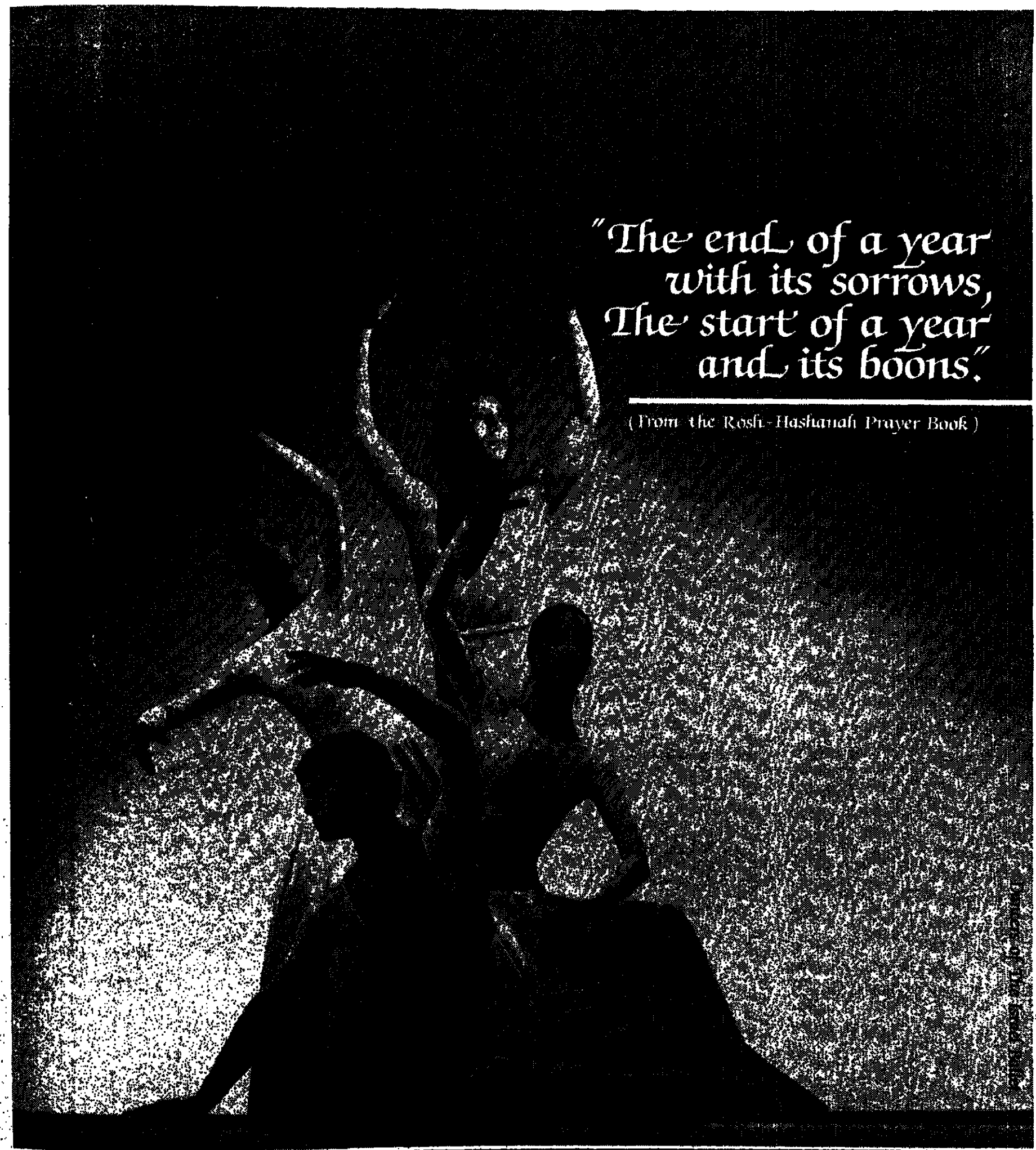
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"The end of a year with its sorrows, The start of a year and its boons."

(From the Rosh-Hashanah Prayer Book)



WHEN GOLDA MEIR visited Zambia in Central Africa in 1964, she went to see the Victoria Falls, the prime tourist attraction of that spacious, copper-rich land, and one of Africa's most spectacular sights. After staring at the mighty Zambezi River precipitously plunging at a million gallons of water per second into the gorge below, while a majestic rainbow illuminated the clouds of spray, Golda's *heimsche* comment was, "Such a lot of water wasted!"

Mrs. Meir had come to Zambia to participate in the independence celebrations of the newly-proclaimed republic. Formerly known as the British Protectorate of Northern Rhodesia, and later, one of the three members of the now-dissolved Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Zambia was inaugurated into nationhood with much fanfare and patriotic fervour on United Nations Day, October 24, 1964.

After Golda Meir's visit — she was Israel's foreign minister then — hundreds of Israeli experts arrived in Zambia to provide technical assistance in such fields as agriculture, poultry raising, construction and police training.

But Jews had been living in what is now Zambia long before the Israelis came. Larger than Texas, situated on a high, temperate plateau, the sparsely-settled land comprises 73 different African tribes. It was said that the Jews became the 74th.

At the turn of the century, the legendary Susman brothers, Harry and Elie, youthful emigrants from a *shtetl* in Lithuania, were the first Jews to enter Northern Rhodesia. Scarcely out of their teens, the Susmans trocked northward out of South Africa laden in an ox-wagon with salt, beads and other goods for bartering. Crossing the wide Zambezi upriver from the Victoria Falls, the two Yiddish-speaking brothers made friends with tribal chiefs and gradually built up a thriving trade of goods for cattle.

Moving the cattle southward, however, was always a hazardous journey. The Susman's dug-out boats and flat river craft were often attacked by wallowing hippopotamuses, and the cattle herds were frequently stalked and stampeded by hungry lions. No lesser perils in those days were tsetse flies, malaria, and the dreaded black water fever.

Eventually, the enterprising Susmans established extensive cattle ranches, farms, factories, sawmills and a chain of hotels. Their one venture into mining was abortive. Judging claims they had staked in the copperbelt to be of little value, they sold them to a prospector for £500. Today, one of the most productive coppermines in Zambia operates on the site.

THE EARLIEST Jewish community in Northern Rhodesia was established in the town of Livingstone, a few miles north of the Victoria Falls. In 1905, when the newly-laid railway line, extending from South Africa, reached Livingstone, an active Jewish congregation was already there. When the first *huppa* was raised at a wedding in the town in 1910, the Livingstone Jews numbered 38 out of a total population of 260.

Late in the 1920s, the basic economy of Northern Rhodesia was radically transformed by the discovery of huge deposits of copper near the border with the former Belgian Congo. A cluster of little towns in this district burgeoned overnight. The gleam of the Copperbelt lured droves of immigrants from Southern Rhodesia, South Africa and overseas.

Jews contributed much to the growth of the towns and the expansion of the copper industry. They supplied badly-needed transport, opened shops and hotels, and provided many essential services. Jewish small businessmen came down from the neighbouring Katanga province of the Congo, where they had settled years before. Scores of Jewish workers and their families settled in the mining towns of Kitwe, Ndola, Chingola, Mufulira and Lumshya, taking jobs as miners, plumbers, electricians and truck drivers. Jewish traders travelled from the Copperbelt far out into the bush country where whites were seldom seen.



Lusaka Jewish leader Maurits Prinz greets Zambian vice president Kamenge at independence ceremonies, 1964.

THE 74th TRIBE

JACK GOLDFARB traces the history of Zambia's Jews.

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At around that time, the capital of Northern Rhodesia was moved from disease-ridden Livingstone to the more salubrious climate of Lusaka, near the centre of the landlocked country. Surrounded by savanna uplands, four thousand feet above sea level, Lusaka grew slowly, as did its small Jewish population. In 1942, a gleaming white synagogue with hundreds of little windows was consecrated in the centre of town.

WORLD WAR II brought a new stream of immigrants, German Jews seeking a haven from Hitlerism. Denied entry by South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, these wandering refugees were ultimately accepted by Northern Rhodesia.

Their acceptance by the Jewish community — mostly of Litvak origin — was not immediate, however. Fearing competition from a more educated and sophisticated group whose work ethic and culture were unfamiliar to them, the earlier settlers were slow to extend a welcoming hand.

Elana Turtledove, who grew up in Luanshya, remembers how impressed she was as a child seeing these better-dressed, better-mannered Jews who spoke a language resembling Yiddish, but sounding more cultivated.

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FOUR DECADES later, Lusaka is known as "Africa's fastest-growing city." Its population has quadrupled since independence, reaching over 700,000 today. The cleanliness of its broad streets, lined with jacaranda and bougainvillea trees, the promise in its skyscrapers along the main Cairo Road, the exotic landscape of the Munda Wanga Botanical Gardens, and the diversity of religions manifested in an Anglican cathedral, a Catholic church, a Hindu temple, a mosque and a synagogue, all add to the charm of this pleasant capital of a young nation of six million people.

But today, the majority of the Jews of Lusaka, and of Zambia, who

numbered 1,500 souls at their peak in the mid-'50s, have moved on to other lands.

The urbanized younger generation went abroad for higher education, and stayed abroad. Parents followed. Other families emigrated to Israel and South Africa. As the community slowly diminished, the synagogues along the Copperbelt closed down, one by one. In Kitwe the building was leased to the Seventh Day Adventists. In Ndola it was sold to the Salvation Army.

WHEN RECENTLY I wanted to visit the Lusaka synagogue on the corner of Katanga and Cha Cha Roads, no one seemed to know where the key was. But the door of the adjacent building, the former Jewish communal hall, was open. The hall had been added on to accommodate overflow worshippers on holidays. It was now a nursery school for African children. As I came through the door, the bright-eyed youngsters glanced up quizzically at the stranger, then went back to their colouring books. High on the wall a faded Star of David was still visible.

At the connecting doors that once led from the communal hall to the synagogue, I twisted the handles sharply. A latch clicked. I pushed hard on the door and felt the resistance of heavy objects. As they shifted backwards, I managed to thread my way through jumbled stacks of tables and chairs that had been lodged against the door to secure it.

On the grainy wooden benches, piles of prayer-books were nuzzled in dust. A few scattered chinks of sunlight that penetrated through the drawn window-blinds did nothing to dispel the atmosphere of sad disuse. The derelict room was crammed with the muffled echoes of a bygone era.

One of the black nursery teachers came in to assure me smilingly that prayers were still being held, at least once or twice a year, on holidays whose names she couldn't remember. The synagogue was always clean and orderly then, she insisted.

My attention focused on the beautifully-wrought copper panels of the ark doors. Ancient Judaic motifs had been hammered into the sheets of reddish-brown metal: Stars of David, menorahs, the Ten Commandments. The artwork had been handcrafted by a man named Ephraim Grill, who, I was told, had been a plumber by calling. On the raised *bima* in the centre of the room stood two ornamental candlesticks with wide-brimmed crowns, fashioned, of course, out of resplendent copper.

FOR MANY YEARS, Lusaka was without a full-time rabbi, and services were conducted in this 200-seat house of worship by an Amsterdam-born, amiable scholar named Maurits Prinz. A layman himself, Prinz came from a family of sages and religious educators which included the distinguished 19th-century, German-Jewish exponent of Orthodoxy, Rabbi Samson Rafael Hirsch.

After living in New York and London in his youth, Prinz came to Lusaka in 1954, attracted by its excellent climate. As a "neutral" Dutch Jew, he served as president of the Lusaka congregation for 12 years, and succeeded with humour and tact in bringing the Litvak and German members of the community much closer together. A man of many *yarmulkes*, Prinz also catered to all the religious needs of the Lusaka Jews.

He likewise built bridges to the

African community. At the time of independence, he invited the top leaders of the government to the synagogue, where they joined in a special thanksgiving service to mark the event.

On another occasion, he asked a group of Black Anglican seminarians to attend Sabbath eve prayers. The student clerics were deeply impressed by the service, but Prinz was taken aback a few days later when one young seminarian stopped him in the street to remark, "I want to compliment you on the excellent way you conducted mass last Friday night."

Today, Maurits Prinz lives in South Africa, where he writes and lectures on Jewish themes. He calls the 20 years he spent in Zambia the happiest years of his life.

"The average African does not know what a Jew is," says Prinz. "Anti-Semitism, as such, does not exist among Africans. Feelings against whites, perhaps, but Jews were never singled out."

IN THE elegantly-furnished living room of Abe and Vera Galaun, longtime residents of Lusaka, I heard a different view of Africans toward Jews. Abe, one of Zambia's leading citizens, and his charming South African-born wife, were re-playing a video cassette for my benefit. The tape was part of a Zambian Broadcasting Service series, *They Came to Stay*, depicting the lives of successful immigrants.

This particular programme was a tribute to Galaun — cattle rancher, owner of vast farms and prosperous businessman. He had come from Lithuania 45 years earlier, virtually penniless, and had worked his way



Golda Meir, then Israeli foreign minister, on Lusaka visit in 1964.

up to become a millionaire.

The interviewer, toward the end of the programme asked Abe if it was true that the Jews are inclined only to look after their own, and that they tend to be an uncharitable people. Abe quickly retorted that, on the contrary, the humanitarian traditions of philanthropy and generosity were much more characteristic. Jews contributed liberally to all sorts of worthy causes, in Zambia or wherever else they lived in the world, and, of course, they looked after their own, too. The interviewer seemed sorry he had asked the question.

Galaun himself is a fine example of openheartedness. Most of his relatives had perished in the Holocaust. But he liked people, and it is to his and Vera's welcoming house that the entire Lusaka Jewish community comes to celebrate the festivals.

Abe's proudest moment occurred on July 4, 1976, at the United States Embassy in Lusaka, where a reception was being held for America's bicentennial. That same morning, the Israelis had pulled off their daring rescue mission of releasing the Air France plane-load of hijacked

passengers held hostage in Entebbe.

At the embassy, the assembled diplomats and local dignitaries were buzzing with excitement over the incredible rescue operation. When Abe and Vera strolled into the reception room, the crowd burst into enthusiastic applause. Glasses were raised and spontaneous toasts were offered to the Galauns. With no Israeli representatives present because Zambia had broken off relations during the 1973 Yom Kippur War, Abe, as a prominent Zambian Jew, was the delighted stand-in *nachher-gatherer* for the occasion.

THE ZAMBIAN Jews' role has been that of intermediaries between two separate societies: the élite Anglo-Saxon colonialist rulers and the African Bantu masses. With no capital and little knowledge of English, the Jewish traders who ventured to the remote areas of the African reserves and migrated to the Copperbelt played an important part in creating new markets and supplying the demands for western goods, such as farm machinery and manufactured clothing. This entrepreneurial effort was instrumental in merging the African and European economies, and helped the Jews become a vital and respected community in this corner of Africa.

In politics, the Jews played a remarkably active part in proportion to their number. Jewish wayfarers held office at one time or another in almost all the Northern Rhodesian towns. Sir Roy Welensky, son of a Polish-Jewish father and an African mother, was the dominant political figure in the country for 25 years. One of 13 children, Welensky laboured as a railwayman in his

teens, and later became a heavyweight boxing champion. Blunt and charismatic, Welensky rose from railway union organizer to become prime minister of the short-lived Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, in which position he strove to achieve a working partnership between whites and blacks. Never one to deny his Jewish origins, the tough-minded and tough-fisted Welensky was known to have flattered more than one bigot for anti-Semitic remarks.

Arnon Milner, whose father was a Jewish immigrant and mother a native African, started out as a book-keeper in a general store in Chingola, and ended up holding several important cabinet posts, including minister of home affairs.

An "official" view of the Jews and their role in Zambian life was expressed a few years ago by the country's leader, President Kenneth Kaunda. Dr. Kaunda, the first and only president Zambia has had, was recently re-elected for his fifth term. In reply to a request by Israel's then chief rabbi, Shlomo Goren, to allow Torah scrolls to be sent to Israel from closed synagogues in the Copperbelt, Kaunda said that he was surprised and sorry that the Jewish community had dwindled. "The Jews of Zambia had contributed to the welfare and well-being of the country," he wrote to Goren.

As one of the Third World leaders who has gone on record against some of Israel's policies, President Kaunda added, "Sometimes our position versus the Jews and Israel is not properly understood. We regard them as sons of God, and as such we were always only too happy to cooperate with them."

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KARATI V'AIN ONE is a well-based biographical study of the life and rescue efforts of the late Rabbi Michael Ber Weissmandel, one of the spiritual leaders of Slovak Jewry. Fuchs, the author of several historical works, shares Weissmandel's belief that hundreds of thousands of the Nazi's victims could have been saved if the Jews of the free world had been more generous.

In 1942, when over half the 90,000 Slovak Jews had been deported to their death in Poland, Weissmandel was reportedly successful in bribing a local Nazi commander, Dieter Wisliceny, to save the remainder. Fuchs claims that \$50,000 bought 40,000 Slovak Jews a two-year respite. They lived in comparative safety until the Slovak partisan uprising of 1944, when, shortly before the arrival of the Red Army, the remaining Jews were transported to Auschwitz.

Fuchs maintains that, in 1943, Wisliceny agreed to Weissmandel's suggestion to release a million Jews in exchange for \$12,000,000. Himmeler knew about it. The "Europa" plan failed when world Jewry failed to provide the required sum.

During 1943 and 1944, Weissmandel continued to appeal to world Jewry, through his underground contacts in Switzerland, for more money. Fuchs publishes scores of Weissmandel's letters for the first time. Weissmandel supplied convincing evidence of the Jewish situation and of his personal connections with the Nazi leadership. He sent his Swiss contacts a detailed description of the death camp gas ovens, and a map of Auschwitz. But his appeals went unheeded. The ransom monies were not forthcoming.

BOTH FUCHS and Weissmandel seem deeply convinced that the ransom could have performed wonders. It was already clear at the time that Germany was doomed. The Nazis were interested in doing business. Protracted negotiations would have involved a valuable respite. Each successive day of haggling could have meant the saving of innumerable lives. "Promise the Germans anything," pleaded Weissmandel. "Trucks, monies, valuables... And in the meanwhile," he urged, "bomb Auschwitz!"

The letters speak for themselves. The reader shares Weissmandel's horror, anguish and frustration. "My Jewish brothers," he appeals,



Kamikaze pilots. "The Japanese War Machine" edited by S.L. Mayer (Hamlyn, £7.95) tells how Japan emerged from feudalism in 1868 to become, by 1941, the most devastating force in the Pacific. Within 100 days, Singapore and Hong Kong fell, Burma and Indo-China were conquered. In this lavishly-illustrated, large-format book, some of the world's leading experts in the weapons, aircraft and fighting ships of WW2 describe Imperial Japan's might and its eventual destruction.

Two-edged weapon

KARATI V'AIN ONE (The Call that Was Not Heeded) by Abraham Fuchs. Jerusalem, 222 pp. Price not stated.

Alexander Zvielli

"Are you insane? Don't you know the hell we are living in? ... Seeing our dreadful state of affairs a sane man must go mad, and he who has not gone mad cannot be sane."

But there was just a trickle of money and promises, and negotiations floundered. The remaining Slovak Jews were deported to Auschwitz. Weissmandel himself jumped from the sealed wagon of a train bound for Poland. He hid in a bunker, and miraculously survived the war, though his entire family perished. After the war, he settled in the U.S., where he established a yeshiva at Mount Kisco. He died of a

heart attack in 1958, at the age of 54, a broken and disillusioned man, haunted by his memories.

WHILE IT IS fairly easy to understand Rabbi Weissmandel's tragedy - his fruitless knocking at world Jewry's door in hope of salvation - his biographer could be expected to be at least a little more objective. It is true that Jews bought their escape from many traps in their long Diaspora past, but bribery is a two-edged weapon. There were, for instance, several hundred Jews retrieved from Bergen-Belsen who were given haven in Switzerland. However, several scholars of this period claim that this rescue was carried out at much cost to less fortunate inmates. Thousands of Hungarian Jews perished in their ignorance; only a few bought their way to freedom. The Nazis played tricky games. The history of this

period includes many accounts of Jews who paid their ransom as demanded, and were then betrayed by the Nazis.

It must be taken into account, also, that the transferred to the Germans of goods, trucks and money would have interfered with the intensive Allied war effort. The American Jewish organizations, which were the only possible source for the sums of money required, were in a cruel dilemma. To save Jews they had to assist the enemy. And Lord Moyne asked his troubling question: "And what shall we do with one million Jews?" when he was confronted with Yoel Brand's proposals for ransoming them.

IT IS regrettable, however, that certain political parties, and in particular the ultra-Orthodox, today attempt to exploit the tragedy of the Holocaust by distorting the truth about rescue efforts, in pursuit of narrow, sectarian ends. Many ultra-Orthodox Jews lay the blame at Zionism's door for what they maintain was an over-emphasis on armed resistance by the Jews, which was to the detriment of other, less noble forms of rescue work. For me, their charge seems unsubstantiated and slanderous.

It is true that tens of thousands of Jewish soldiers fought for the Allies. But money was sent for the saving of lives in Occupied Poland, and not only to subsidize resistance. But the procedure was complicated and dangerous, and there were countless priorities.

There were other difficulties, also. The Jewish organizations were often powerless in their encounters with certain State Department or British officials who opposed the bombing of Auschwitz, and suppressed the fact of the existence of the gas chambers as long as they could. An inquiry is now being conducted into the activities of American Jewish organizations during the Holocaust. It is doubtful whether any historian will ever be able to arrive at a perfectly balanced picture.

THERE CAN be little doubt that Rabbi Weissmandel's appeals went unheeded chiefly because Jews lacked a single, unified and powerful organization. They needed their own state, which would have allowed them to combine all their resources for the common good. This is one of the most important lessons of the Holocaust.

Listening to the language

WHO CARES ABOUT ENGLISH by David Crystal. Harmondsworth, Penguin, 124 pp. £1.95.

Jeffrey M. Green

IF YOU will live in Israel long enough, you will already stop to notice that around you the English you are hearing isn't English really. The Israeli politicians interviewed on the English news start sounding just fine. When you talk to people who don't know Hebrew, you have to strain to keep the native dialect out of your sentences and discipline the words so they stay in the right order. That's a problem, and a lot of us are looking for a reliable and sensible reference book to keep our native language straight in our heads. This book, although it has many other virtues, will not lead us out of that particular wilderness.

Our Israeli neck of the woods is far from typical. If we find it hard to maintain high standards of written and spoken English, we have the decent excuse of living in a linguistic mishmash. What excuse does everyone else have? Some curmudgeons blame it all on the linguists, who have supposedly corrupted education by teaching that everything anyone says is fine.

Crystal is a linguist, and his approach has some of the "permissiveness" of linguists, who take the descriptive rather than the prescriptive approach to grammar. Thus he gives us licence to sometimes split infinitives and to stick prepositions at the end of sentences if that sounds like a natural way to finish them off (quoting famous authors like Shakespeare and Macaulay to bolster his case). However, he points out that people judge each other by the way they use the language, and one should know what is required in a formal situation, for example, where one is expected to adhere to strict standards of correctness.

THIS IS a good humoured and sensible book not aimed at experts but intended to help normal people speak and write better. In treating questions such as the use of the adverb "hopefully," or whether one should say "different than," or "different to," rather than merely offer a set of rules to be memorized, Crystal gives the reader an approach which can be learned and applied to other instances.

Unfortunately for users of English who are not native speakers or who live abroad, his method depends heavily on listening to the way the people around you speak, and on developing your own feel for what sounds natural and appropriate by using linguistics to explain why it feels that way. The examples he offers and his discussion of them will certainly be instructive to anyone who wishes to improve his English.

The author encourages us to mail him questions about problems that trouble us for use in a future volume. The topics he covers here were suggested by letters from listeners to his radio programme.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO'S last work, completed shortly before his death in November 1983, is about his main intellectual preoccupation. He was a distinguished all-round scholar (his biography of Turgenyev and his translation of *Spring Torrents*, are considered works of literature), but it was his analysis of 20th century Messianic mass movements, in particular of the Russian Communist (Bolshevik) party, which made his name.

This posthumous book is not based on fresh research: it is the summary of a life-work. Schapiro's greatness of spirit is reflected in his readiness to amend earlier viewpoints in the light of new historical research on the Russian Revolution. But these changes do not alter the central conclusion of his entire oeuvre: every nation is endangered by Messianic movements and charismatic leaders who seek to establish an utopian society, whether based on notions of total equality, of racial purity or of a chosen people. The acuteness of the risk is usually in inverse proportion to the strength of the tradition of the rule of law in that nation.

Unfortunately for Russia, it was not one of the few happy nations with a sufficiently strong tradition to serve as a buffer against the Messianic movements of the twentieth century, although it did not lack this tradition entirely.

IN OUR collective memory, Tsarist Russia is the semi-barbaric land of official anti-Semitism, pogroms, blood libels and the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. Jews emigrated from it in hundreds of thousands to escape abject poverty, degradation and mortal danger. All this is perfectly true but is still only part of the picture.

On the eve of World War One, Russia was in the throes of rapid modernization, and seemed to be catching up with the West. It is true that about 85 per cent of the population were (mostly) illiterate peasants, unable to scrape a living from their meagre plots of land, but 26 million (mostly literate) townspeople sustained a western-type civilization. Many Russian writers and creative artists were in the vanguard of modernism.

In industry, according to Professor Schapiro, Russia came fourth in world production of minerals, steel, pig iron, textiles and other commodities.

Moreover, even the antiquated autocratic regime was changing. The Tsar, it is true, was still a semi-absolutist ruler. His government's policies were largely inept, and sometimes suicidal (i.e. the persecution of the minorities, who together comprised the majority of the Empire's population). The police still wielded far-reaching powers, for example detention without trial of political opponents of the regime (a definition which covered trade union leaders and even striking workers). Nevertheless, post-1905 Russia possessed an elected legislative assembly with limited powers (the State Duma), political parties, trade unions, an almost free press and an independent judiciary.

BUT THIS process of change and adaptation was interrupted by the outbreak of war in 1914. The tensions it produced, combined with the ineptitude and plain muddleheadedness of its military and political rulers, weakened the Russian body politic, and led to the overthrow of the autocracy in February 1917.

Its collapse loosened the ties which held the Russian Empire together as an organized society. Less than a dozen years of semi-



Jean Shrimpton. David Bailey's "Black and White Memories: Photographs 1948-69" (Dent, £20) is dedicated, and rightly so, to the people who worked on "Vogue" during the Sixties. Through his work for the magazine, Bailey became one of the top fashion photographers of the decade, even inspiring the rather dumb hero of "Blow Up."

His subjects were usually girls with perfect measurements who gazed, with no discernible trace of human intelligence into the studio's shadows, slim carriers of the season's fashions. Bailey was the hero of the rich jeunesse dorée and the catalyst of the walled-up feelings of - mostly female - young people. Yet the photographs, though well-printed, have become merely dusty instead of timeless. Why is that? The answer has nothing to do with the fact that his subject was mainly fashion photography; the strength and expressiveness of Avedon, Cecil Beaton, Penn and Blumensfeld grew with the passing of the years. Bailey just wasn't first rate, sad to say.

A great number of photos were taken outside the studio. "Look into my camera," one seems to hear. "No, a bit more longingly...or let's make it defiant...more defiant...hold it...that's it!" That's it.

Tim Gidal

Dangerous Utopia

1917. THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONS AND THE ORIGINS OF PRESENT-DAY COMMUNISM by Leonard Schapiro. London, Maurice Temple-Smith. 240 pp. £12.95.

Shmuel Galai

constitutional government had not sufficed to implant in the population respect for law or to compensate the lower classes and minorities for centuries of oppression. In the words of Professor Schapiro, the revolution "unleashed envy and hatred in a politically ignorant people, conscious only of the hardships and humiliations it had suffered for generations." These emotions were among the chief causes for the eventual undermining of the authority of the moderate leaders of revolutionary Russia, and helped prepare the way for the triumph of Bolshevism.

The moderate leaders exercised such authority as they were able or willing to wield through the two main governing bodies which replaced the old regime: the Provisional Government, dominated by the radical-democratic "bourgeois" Duma opposition, and the Soviets (councils) of workers, soldiers and peasant deputies, led by moderate socialists. In reality, however, as the author argues convincingly, the Government was totally dependent on the Soviets, to which the troops swore allegiance. Lacking the vital attribute of a functioning government - a monopoly of the use of force - the Provisional Government evaporated when the Soviets, seized by the Bolsheviks, ceased to support it in October.

The sustained support of the moderate socialists for the Provisional

golden."

As Schapiro points out, there were several reasons why the moderate socialists refused to bow to the popular mood, and to assume full power in the name of the Soviets. They believed, with considerable justification, that Russia lacked the material basis for establishing the "just socialist society," and that many years of capitalist development were required to create it. Moreover, as admirers of the Western tradition, they insisted that those social reforms which were implementable immediately, i.e. granting the peasants more land, be carried out legally, with respect to the rights of all individuals, and not by direct action. They again believed, with ample justification, that any attempt to transfer power to the Soviets, and to sign a separate peace with Germany and Austria-Hungary, would lead to civil war, since there were powerful social forces in Russia which would take up arms, if necessary, to defend their property, and way of life, and ensure the war's continuation.

UNLIKE THE moderate socialists, Lenin and the Bolsheviks weren't incapacitated by any scruples in their drive for power. As far as they were concerned, supremacy of law, democratic elections, political freedom, were mere stratagems adopted by the bourgeoisie to maintain power. Nor did the absence of the material infrastructure for a socialist society cause them anxiety. Their takeover of power in Russia, they thought, would signal world revolution. With the aid of the proletariat of the developed countries, they would overcome Russia's relative backwardness. Moreover, Lenin did not fear civil war. The contrary was true. He advocated transforming the war between nations into a conflict in which the working class of each country would rise up against its bourgeoisie.

On Lenin's return to Russia in April 1917, the Bolsheviks began their unbridled struggle for power. They demanded that power be invested in the Soviets, that the war be concluded immediately, and they encouraged insubordination in the army. In so doing, they hastened its disintegration. They exhorted the peasants to seize lands, the worker to take over factories, and simultaneously charged the Provisional Government and the moderate majority in the Soviets with destroying the economy and starving townspeople and the soldiers at the front. The Bolsheviks appeared at the same time as champions of "pure bourgeois democracy" (demanding immediate elections to the constituent assembly) and as advocates of "proletarian democracy," calling for frequent elections to factory committees and local Soviets. They assumed, rightly, that frequent elections would bring extremist candidates to the fore. Their demagogic slogans: "Peace, Bread, Land" and "All power to the Soviets" won them increasing popularity, and by autumn 1917, as Professor Schapiro puts it, "an atmosphere of rioting all the wrongs of the past at a stroke was in the air. The political agitators believed that justice was on the side of those who had been the underdogs in the past, and that the day had now dawned when all that would be remedied. Their words fell on ready ears."

The masses, prodded by the Bolsheviks, saw the "bourgeois" Provisional Government as the chief obstacle to fulfillment of their aspirations, and demanded its abolition and the transfer of power to the Soviets. A Soviet socialist government, they believed, would immediately establish "Jerusalem the

Shortly after they won power, the Bolsheviks outlawed all other parties, and closed down their journals and printing presses. They dispersed the constituent assembly the day

after it was convened since they had failed to win a majority there, and emptied the Soviets of content. To maintain their monopoly of power, they resorted to terror, which they wielded even against their former enthusiastic supporters - sailors and workers - who became aware, belatedly, of the Bolshevik threat.

The Bolsheviks signed a separate peace with the Central Powers but the civil war which ensued brought more death and destruction than the external war. They introduced famine instead of promised abundance. A more draconian discipline prevailed in Trotsky's Red Army than in the Tsarist army. The seizing of estates by peasants was sanctioned. A decade later Stalin appropriated not only these lands but even those the peasants had held under the old regime.

Schapiro demonstrates convincingly that Lenin and Trotsky, and their comrades acted as they did in the belief that they would bring about the communist paradise. But world revolution did not materialize, and in its stead Russia suffered the hell of Stalinism.

This book, dedicated to his wife's grandchildren, in the hope "that their generation will never be duped by promises of Utopia," deserves to be read by anyone who believes that we can learn from the mistakes of the past in order to avoid repeating them.

Overview

THE WAR FOR LEBANON, 1970-1983 by Itamar Rabinovich, Ithaca and London, Cornell University Press, 243 pp. No price stated.

Benny Morris

INSTANT histories tend to sensationalize, mislead, misinform and, ultimately, mystify. Prof. Itamar Rabinovich, the head of Tel Aviv University's Shiloah Institute, has avoided these pitfalls by writing a book, not on Israel's 1982 adventure in Lebanon - in Orwellian language dubbed "Peace for Galilee" - but on the entire protracted Lebanese crisis since 1970, of which the massive Israeli intervention was only a part.

So we are given a rather general guide to the perplexities and complexities of our northern neighbour's internal politics, parties, and militias, and to their activities and their interaction with the regional powers - Israel and Syria - and with Great Power ambitions and activity over a 13-year period.

It is not a simple tale, but Rabinovich tells it clearly, persuasively, and objectively.

About half the book focuses on the 1982 war and its repercussions. These sections, apparently written in late 1982 and early 1983, suffer from the fact that they are written in mid-crisis. The tone of the book, except for a seven-page postscript written later, does not convey clearly or adequately the Syrians' important political gain - and probably the most lasting one - of the Israeli campaign.

THE NATURE of the Israeli-Phalange relationship, and the reasons for the failure to implement the Israeli grand plan for a new order in Lebanon, will be debated down the years. Rabinovich perhaps gets it right when he observes: "...as the events of the war and its aftermath clearly showed, it was a relationship too ambiguous and too slight for the baggage it had to carry."

IT'S REASONABLE to assume that this 1934 memoir by D. H. Lawrence's widow has been reprinted largely as the result of the noble feminist effort to rescue from the well-known male chauvinist publishing conspiracy everything remotely by, for or about women that has fallen out of print in the last 500 years. Certainly, in her very brief introduction, the novelist Margaret Drabble can't bring herself to dissemble about any literary quality in this book; a sketchy effort presumably merits a scant introduction. Yet because the Lawrence marriage has been the subject of such vast outpourings, it is just as certain that Frieda's version, however spotty and skewed it may be, should be accessible to the interested reader.

Spotty it is. Providing neither foreground nor background, Frieda begins her story virtually from the moment in 1912 when she and Lawrence first set calves' eyes on each other, and ends it in 1930 when he breathed his tubercular last. This is not to suggest, however, that she details everything in between; we're given a good deal about the time Frieda spent with Lawrence, but not a clue about the considerable time she spent out of his sight and under the covers with a variety of Prussian officers, Italian peasants, American Indians, and with John Middleton Murray and only the good Lord and the motel clerks know who else may have struck her fancy.

THANKS to numerous biographers, critics, writer-acquaintances and not the least to Lawrence himself, the story is well-documented. The young Oedipal novelist, still reeling from his mother's recent death, meets the wife of his English professor, and they instantly fall in love. They elope, she leaving behind her husband, her senior by 14 years, and their three small children. D.H. Lawrence and Frieda spend two years wandering the Continent, return to England and (at Lawrence's insistence) finally marry, get hounded out of Britain, return to Europe, thence to Ceylon, Australia, New Mexico, Europe again; always on the move, always outcasts and always, in their fashion, devoted to each other.

Bombastic and mad



'NOT I, BUT THE WIND...' by Frieda Lawrence. London, Granada. 266 pp. £1.95.

S.T. Meravi

What does Frieda add to our knowledge of the celebrated saga? For one thing, when she isn't cataloguing their moves or, alternately, gushing over the gardens of Tuscany or Taos, Frieda can write effectively about her man, his struggle with his work, and his battle against his chronic ill health. For another, Frieda allows occasional glimpses of herself, cosmetized to be sure, but enough to show why, with all her faults, she could inspire such devotion. For a third, she reveals herself a tremendously loving if not always faithful woman, full of happy gratitude for her life with her "genius." Addressing a Madonna in a church, Frieda says: "Yes, you have a halo round your head, but I

feel as if I had a halo around the whole of me, that's how he makes me feel." It was an uncharacteristic setting for Frieda, but not an uncharacteristic sentiment.

YET IT must be said that the best part of this memoir isn't hers, but his. Surprisingly, nearly half of the book is Lawrence's. There are generous selections from his letters, quoted observations, an essay here, a poem there.

Most of the letters are to Frieda's mother, and are among the finest letters to a mother-in-law ever to find their way into print. But Lawrence was genuinely fond of the old woman. At one point he tells her, in all affection: "Keep still and quiet inside yourself, then your legs will go without pain." He usually wrote in German and, even though D.H. and Frieda were perennially squeaking by well below the poverty line, he usually sent money along with his letters. Frau von Richthofen apparently just as often sent her

strange, wild son-in-law neckties.

Equally interesting are Lawrence's comments on the many places to which his restlessness led him. In Australia he observes: "This is the most democratic place I have ever been in. And the more I see of democracy the more I dislike it. It just brings everything down to the mere vulgar level of wages and prices, electric light and water closets, and nothing else. You never knew anything so nothing, nichts, nullus, niente, as the life here."

On America: "Listen, Germany, America is the greatest bully the world has ever seen. Power is proud. But bullying is democratic and base."

On his native land: "What hypocrisy and politeness, and how I detest and despise my England. I had rather be German or anything than belong to such a nation of craven, cowardly hypocrites. My curse on them!"

And on sailing through the Suez Canal: "Next morning we were in the Red Sea. There stands Mount Sinai, red like old dried blood, naked like a knife and so sharp, so unnaturally sharp, like a dagger that has been dipped in blood and has dried long ago and is a bit rusty and is always there like something dreadful between man and his lost Paradise. All is Semitic and cruel, naked, sharp... It is a strange exit through this Red Sea - bitter. Behind lie finally Jerusalem, Greece, Rome and Europe, fulfilled and past - a great dreadful dream. It began with Jews and with Jews it ends. You should have seen Sinai, then you could know it. The ideal has been wicked against men and Jehovah is the father of the ideal and Zeus and Jupiter and Christ are only sons. And God be praised Sinai and the Red Sea are past and consummated."

Like Lawrence's writing itself, he and his Frieda are frequently more than a bit bombastic and mad. All three, however, are likely to continue to generate interest for a long while to come. Pity that, like the fuzzy family snapshots included with 'Not I, But the Wind...', Frieda Lawrence's preposterously titled memoir so sorely lacks focus and detail.

One vivid picture which sticks in one's mind is that of a half-crazed French woman, standing in the rubble of her home and screaming at advancing Highlanders. "Worse than the Boche! Worse than the Boche," while the swearing Scots threaten her with extinction if she doesn't shut up.

McKee makes a point of blaming carpet bombing (of Hamburg and Caen) on two key advisers, Lord Cherwell (Lindemann) and Sir Solly Zuckerman; and in a sinister paragraph, seems to blame Zuckerman for still being alive. Perhaps he was trying to point up the irony of the fact that both these men had German names.

Zuckerman, of course, is Jewish. But neither Prof. Lindemann nor Zuckerman were responsible for taking the decisions to foster carpet bombing. That was the province of Churchill and his chiefs of staff and field commanders. The Allied generals were all in favour of carpet bombing because they didn't have enough confidence in their own tactics, their artillery or their troops.

There was a time when the carpet bombing of German cities could, under the circumstances of the period, be deemed a *mitzvah*. The complete flattening of a French town still seems a little more inexplicable.

Mrs. Carter

FIRST LADY FROM PLAINS by Rosalynn Carter. Boston, Houghton Mifflin. 370 pp. \$17.45.

David Krivine



ROSALYNN HAD her first date with Jimmy at 17, she married him at 18. Not surprising: Plains, Georgia, their home town, contained only 600 inhabitants at the time. She used to pass on clothes she had outgrown to Jimmy's sister Ruth, her dearest friend, and two years her junior.

You would think so long an intimacy with a man who became president of the United States would yield fascinating insights into his personality. Nothing of the kind, she could be a devoted spinsterish secretary writing about her boss.

She worked hard for him. At the end, during his campaign for reelection as president, she did all the travelling and speech-making. He was stuck in his office at the White House, trying to rescue the American hostages in Teheran.

She did not mind campaigning, but was broken-hearted at the death-blow the humiliating Persian episode dealt her husband's chance of reelection. "Damn, damn Khomeini," she cries, and in another place: "Iran... I-R-A-N. These four letters have become a curse to me."

It wasn't Khomeini, Carter seemed afflicted with ill-luck. The Russians chose that time to invade Afghanistan - another event beyond his orbit as a peanut farmer who became governor of Georgia. He placed an embargo on grain to Russia, and boycotted the Olympic Games.

What else could he do? Sadly, these acts harmed Jimmy more than they harmed the Soviet Union. Then came "Billygate" - his brother Billy's drunken entrapment in the Libyan government's speculations.

STILL, BEING First Lady in Washington was quite an experience. For instance, the security precautions. She was forbidden to shake hands in a crowd, she was only allowed to touch the other person's fingers. Otherwise, she might be pulled off the platform. An elderly lady had brought a teddy-bear for the Carters' daughter Amy. It was passed through the crowd, and pressed into her hand, "only to have an agent grab it and throw it as far from me as he could."

People attending receptions at the White House took away pieces of silverware and crystal as souvenirs. (At Abraham Lincoln's inaugural, they snipped off pieces of the window draperies and lace curtains.) Rosalynn got used to her secretary signing her cheques. Those she signed herself never got cashed.

Her book reminds us of the civil rights revolution in the U.S. during the last 25 years. In the Sixties, the South was still ridden with apartheid. Rosalynn recalls that when John Kennedy, supporter of integration, was assassinated, her son's class-teacher said "Good!" and the pupils applauded. The local church voted to keep out black worshippers. The only opponents of the motion were the Carter family.

WHAT'S ON

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Jerusalem

Israel Museum. Opening Exhibition: Moshe Kaprielian, paintings. Works on paper (2.10 at 8.30 p.m.). Continuing Exhibition: David Tarkenton - Product of Israel. The Armand Hammer Collection: Five Centuries of Masterpieces: outstanding European and American, 16th-20th century paintings and drawings, incl. works by Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian, Michelangelo, Raphael, O'Connell, Gauguin, Van Gogh and Picasso. Plaster - children's work, activity corner. Scraps - creating home theatre sets and greetings cards. 12 pages from the Cairo Geniza. Permanent collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology. Rockefeller Museum: The Other Side of the River - Ancient Egyptian funerary objects. Ticho House: Works by Anna Ticho, hanukkiot, library, garden cafe.

Visiting Hours: Main Museum 10-2. At 11: Guided tour in English. Museum closed tomorrow and Friday.

Old Yehuda Court Museum. Life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century. Old City, Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-4 p.m. Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Herta and Paul Amiria: Permanent Exhibition of Judaica. Diorama Room: History of Jewish People. Exhibition of works in Judaica by the gold and silversmithing Dept. of Bezalel Academy and Modern Projects by Alexander Zaid, Judith Green, Hanna Argand, Yael Berger and works by Yoram Ra'anani, Hava

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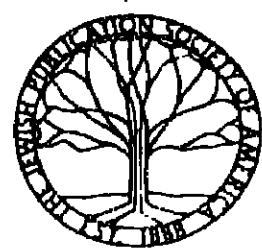
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Times and climes

THERE ARE two categories of writer whose work requires an introduction, and both tend to make me wary. One kind has been misplaced, misunderstood, or forgotten. The Russian-Yiddish-American writer, Meir Blinks, who died in 1915 at the age of 35 belongs to this category. Not included by Irving Howe in the pioneer compilation, *A Treasury of Yiddish Stories*, in 1953, Blinks faded away.

The other category introduces a stranger not from another time but from another clime. Malcolm Bradbury performs such a service for Walter Abish, an Austrian-Israeli-American, for a British audience. The problem is that the host's role is not the critic's, and the reader has to steer past polite paragraphs to arrive at the essential. Wise is an amiable diplomat, Bradbury a snake oil salesman.

Meir Blinks arrived in New York in 1904, lived on the Lower East Side, and soon associated with *Die Yunge*, the group of younger writers that included Moïse Leib Halpern, Mani Leib, and David Ignatoff. They were in reaction from a legacy of social realism and nostalgia but proved themselves conservers of the same tradition. There is only one story in this collection that does not look back to the *sheit* experience. Typical are stories of quarrelling husbands and wives, lost religious faith, adultery, and hysteria. It is only in "Troubles," when Reb Yankl and Reb Shmuel drink each other under the table, that the backward glance is companionable. More acerbic is "A Simple Life," the tale of Avrom Chaim, "a real *mench*," whose life passes like a shadow, and who muses at its end, "For what have I lived and labored, toiled and struggled? To what purpose?"

The most engaging story is the only one set in America. In "Card Game," a successful businessman moves with Fanya, his young, beautiful wife, to the fashionable Bronx, and introduces her to a world of cynical, older women card-

STORIES BY MEIR BLINKS
Translated by Max Rosenfeld with an introduction by Ruth R. Wisse.
Albany, SUNY Press, 166 pp. \$10.95.

IN THE FUTURE PERFECT by Walter Abish with an introduction by Malcolm Bradbury. London, Faber & Faber, 113 pp. £2.50.

Haim Chertok

players. Money governs Moïse's life; he has little time for his Fanya. By stages, Fanya's innocence dissolves in the arms of the dashing Yudin, a welcome alternative to poker with the girls. This tale of Mme. Bovary de Bronx bears the same mark of despair and meaninglessness as the *sheit* sketches. Its special distinction lies not in the formulaic fall of Fanya — the shorter pieces also are type-ridden — but in the interludes devoted to the hard-playing ladies of hearts and spades.

Blinks, whose pages are studied with phrases like "she was not yet armored with life's scars" and "she was already bending like a young sapling," is not an overlooked Joseph Opatoshu or Jacob Glatstein. Ruth Wisse's appraisal of him as a writer of some promise, who "still had his finest work before him" when he died, seems to me just. His work will be of interest, especially to Yiddishists.

WALTER ABISH writes of immigrant experience in an America 50 years down the line. Malcolm Bradbury informs us that "he was born of Jewish background, in Austria and grew up in Shanghai, China, as the old system was disintegrating. His international and polyglot background, which very much shapes his writing, continued; he lived in Tel Aviv and trained in the Israeli army, but he now works mainly in New York City." No, Abish can't be held responsible for Bradbury's intelligence — "of Jewish background," "Shanghai, China," of yet two more "backgrounds." Still, Bradbury's

tone makes me deeply suspicious of his precise valuation of Abish, and I have a hunch that a connection links the denatured sensibility of a Bradbury and the kind of reader who finds much to praise in the experimentalism of an Abish.

Immigrants to America get around more nowadays than they once did: New York, Princeton, Los Angeles, New Mexico. But in most of Abish's sketches and fictional exercises, place is an interior, a bedroom or car, a truck or a hamburger. Hilda or Maude, it's all one. Abish doesn't invent any children, any old people. His people are disconnected from each other and themselves. In most of his pieces, Zachary, Paul, Jane are integers lacking family names. Reality, in short, is flattened out. Here's a fair sampling:

"Harry has an appointment with an English tailor. Ah, says the tailor, slyly inspecting Harry's wide seat. You must do a lot of riding. Now that you mention it, says Harry, I've always planned to take up riding." The shadows of the absurdists — loneliness, Pinter, Beckett — play over the afternoon of Abish. He plays in different stories with a reality that is more resident in a colouring book, a map, a photo than in "life."

The most realized story depicts a visit to a post-war German town by a stranger from America. He talks to the mayor, sleeps with the librarian, talks with a writer, and departs. Its modest success depends upon the narrative pressure to discover and render "Germany," an urgency that seems still-born when the scene is "America." But really, both Aharon Appelfeld's *The Age of Wonders* and Yehuda Amichai's *Not of This Time, Not of This Place* render this very situation with so much greater acuity.

Now Bradbury is not alone in his praise. Abish won the PEN/Faulkner prize for fiction in 1980. Bradbury includes his introduction by describing him as "the most important writer to have emerged in the United States over the past ten years." If Bradbury's estimate had even a minimal accuracy, it would be shockingly depressing news. Abish tries some things, achieves a few effects, but is not much in my line. □

All in the family

THIS BOOK reeks of embalming fluid throughout. Ghost-written — you should excuse the expression — by Sergio Lalli, "writer, critic, and loyal friend" of its subject, it is purportedly the autobiography of Joseph Bonanno, former "Father" of one of New York's so-called five Mafia families and, as of 1983, still vertical at age 78. Among the whiffs of embalming fluid: early on, Bonanno objects to the present connotations of *mafioso*; in Sicily, it means "spirited, brave, keen, beautiful, vibrant, and alive." Well, meanings do have a deadly habit of evolving...

Here's another: "In my world, according to the old Tradition, a man fights for personal honor and he feels patriotism for his family. Our fighting is personal, direct, man-to-man. You call this a feudal notion. In your world, in wars between nations a pilot... releases a bomb that will kill thousands of human beings. The pilot never hears a single scream." I think there's an inference to be drawn there!

But, to quote the French, let's get back to our sheep. *A Man of Honor* does offer an informative and intriguing look into the mentality of

A MAN OF HONOR by Joseph Bonanno, with Sergio Lalli. New York, Pocket Books, 392 pp. \$6.50
Morris Springer

organized crime in the U.S. from the Twenties to the Eighties, albeit from a violently slanted viewpoint. Especially valuable, perhaps, is Bonanno's explanation of the Mafia's fierce ethnocentricity. Sicilians, buffeted for 2,000 years by foreign invasions and influences, survived by withdrawing into their own families. Everyone inside it was a friend; outsiders were suspect. It is this principle, carried to its logical extreme — an inbred rejection of any societal code but their own — which led to the burgeoning of the Mafia and to its ultimate disintegration (in Bonanno's view, at least) as it incorporated non-Sicilian elements into its monolithic organism. Nepotism, betrayal, fratricide were permissible, handled, ideally, by the clan alone. Hence Bonanno's supercilious dismissal of the police and the FBI; in his cosmos, they simply have no a priori right to interfere in "family" matters. Ideally, too, one supposes, all society should be thus

organized. ALONG THE way, we encounter the punts and pygmies of Bonanno's world: Lucky Luciano, Vito Genovese, Al Capone, Joe Valachi, along with accounts of their intramural skirmishes, all recounted with such sobriety, urbanity and understatement that one fairly expects Noel Coward or David Niven to pop in from the wings, dry Martini in hand. To keep my perspective, I found myself periodically sitting back, breathing deeply, and allowing the bloody stench to sink in anew.

To be fair, this book afforded me one bit of perverse satisfaction. As a former Chicagoan, I've long resented the inevitable coupling, by non-Chicagoans, of my home town with Al Capone and his exploits, as though no other major U.S. city had criminals comparable to him. *A Man of Honor* rightly reduces him to small potatoes. Hell's bells, he was imprisoned in 1931 for income tax evasion, not for murder, and died, a syphilis-ridden vegetable, in 1947! And Capone is Italian for castrated male chicken.

Lalli's finest embalming job, incidentally, occurs when he has Bonanno dining with Jean Harlow in 1941. Since The Blonde Bombshell died of uremic poisoning in June, 1937 — the event shadowed the end of my soph year in high school — she must have been a lively corpse in deed. □

BAKING CAKES is a traditional feature of the holiday season. In these modern times, we are offered a choice of baking them at home from scratch or resorting to an ever-growing array of locally-manufactured cake mixes.

In the spirit of the season, Elite held a press conference at the Tel Aviv Hilton last week, primarily to launch its new honey cake mix. It also showed off the other six mixes in its repertoire — chocolate with icing, family-size plain chocolate, raisin, lemon, marble and English cake.

Never before have I seen such a lavish display of cakes — but then, it helps when they are embellished and decorated by Hilton pastry chefs. The honey cake was light and tasty, and the others equally tempting. It was a bad day for diets.

Elite has been selling cake mixes to the Israeli public for over a year, and is optimistic about the future of the field. Director-general Avi Pekosoff promised that the firm would be bringing out a new flavour about once a month in the coming year.

It is hard to judge the extent to which commercial cake mixes have penetrated the local consciousness, but it has been sufficient for Elite to have an active rival in the field — the Eficol line from Mata of the Koor industrial complex. Both brands are based on American know-how. Elite has an agreement with General Mills to make kosher adaptations of its famous Betty Crocker mixes.

All Elite cake mixes have a uniform recommended price (last week it was IS\$41). The policy is deliberate despite the fact that some cakes are larger than others; some contain their own aluminum baking pans; some require the addition of eggs and even oil, while others need only water. These inconsistencies are said to balance out price-wise, so that all packages give the same value for money.

It is also deliberate policy that some instant cakes require more effort than others. Elite surveys have reportedly shown that most women like having to add eggs or oil to get the feeling they are "contributing" to the baking, whereas men and teenage girls prefer a fool-proof formula with only water to add. They want to play it safe, I guess, which is also one of the main reasons people buy ready cake mixes, although they are more expensive than home-baked cakes.

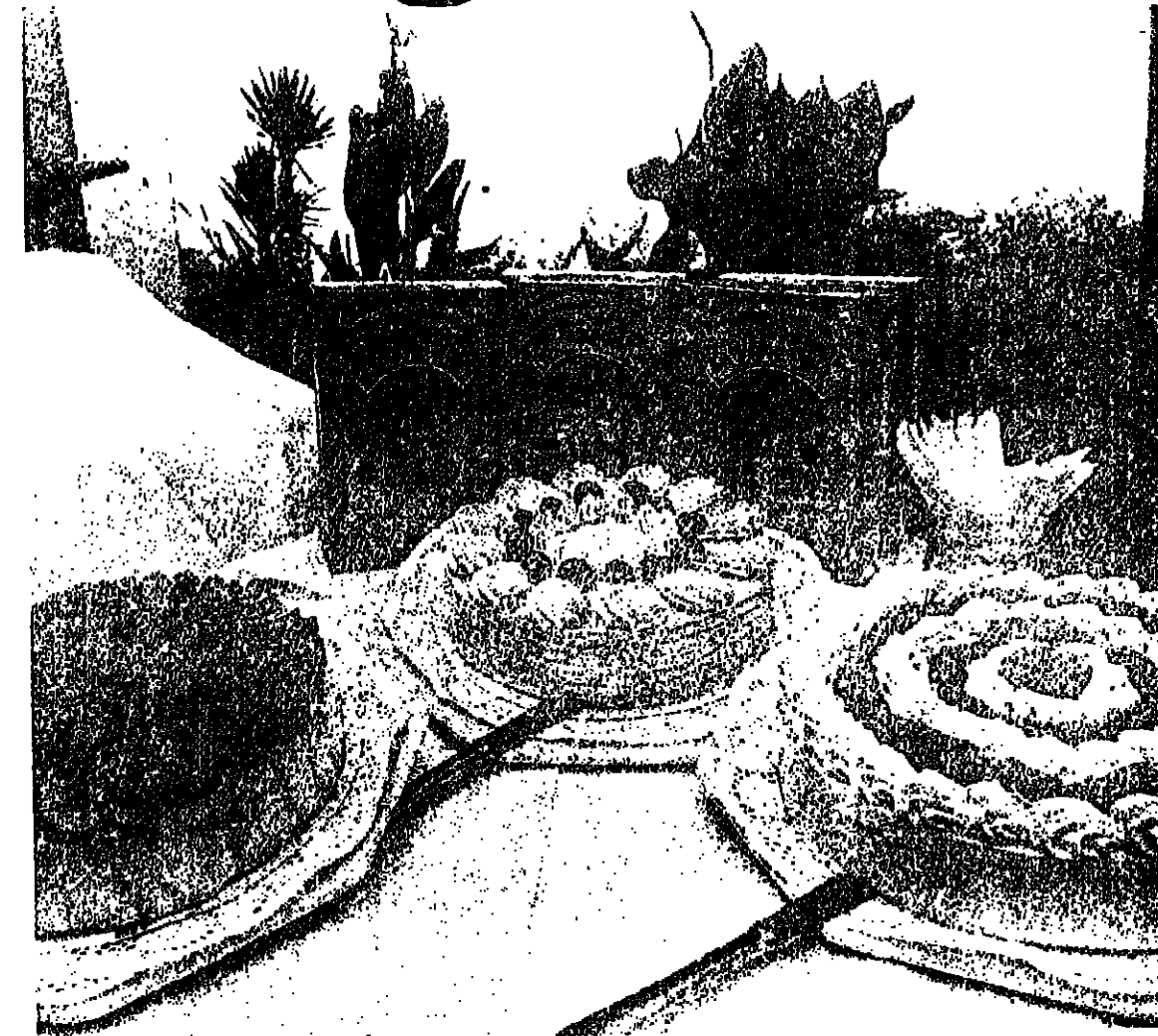
I asked marketing manager Yisrael Keniger how much he estimates the prepared mix costs the consumer compared with making a similar cake at home from scratch. He said it cost "only about 20 per cent more."

This is a far cry from my own careful calculations, for chocolate cakes at least. I found it would cost more than twice as much to make Elite's Family-Size Chocolate Cake as to make one of the same size from my own favourite recipe. Mine would have cost me IS\$30 at last week's price levels (and somewhat more after Sunday's price hikes.) When you add IS\$1 for three eggs to combine with the Elite package, its real cost increases to IS\$22.

MY BASIC chocolate cake calls for one package unsalted margarine, one-and-a-half cups sugar, three eggs (size 3), one teaspoon vanilla extract, two-and-a-half cups plain cake flour, two-and-a-half teaspoons baking powder (one small packet), four tablespoons cocoa, and one-and-a-quarter cups soda-water. I always use soda rather than plain water in cakes, because I have learned that it makes them lighter.

Actually, this recipe calls for self-raising flour, but I have for years

Taking the cake



taken to heart the advice of the official consumer organizations that it is far more economical to use ordinary, price-controlled flour and add baking powder to make it rise. At current prices, the combined price of those two ingredients is hardly more than a quarter of a package of Osem self-raising flour.

In a mixer at medium speed, combine margarine and sugar. Slowly add the eggs and vanilla. Stop the mixer. Sift the flour and mix it by hand in a bowl with the baking powder and cocoa. Add this to the mixing bowl and fold in by hand. Then, while adding the soda-water gradually, mix at slow speed just long enough to combine. Pour into a greased tin (20cm. or 28cm. diameter) or a large square or rectangular one. Bake at 350 F. (180 C.) until the cake feels "springy" and a toothpick comes out clean.

INCIDENTALLY, you can convert this into a marble cake by omitting the cocoa until the last stage, and then mixing only two tablespoons of cocoa into half the batter. Or it can be a plain vanilla cake by leaving out the cocoa entirely, but then I add a quarter cup of flour to compensate for the missing bulk. I have even made multi-coloured marble cakes (for school parties) by using various food colourings in portions of the batter.

As for time, it may take a few minutes more to mix my batter than Elite's, but not much longer. The trouble with most cake mixes is that you still have to dirty the mixer, grease a pan, and babysit with the oven. Some people feel that, for a little extra effort but less cost, they might as well bake from scratch.

There are several components in the Elite mix which are absent from a home recipe, and which many of us would prefer not to have in our food — items such as "emulsifiers, stabilizers, antioxidants," as the Elite box

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

specifies. Cake mixes also generally include salt, an ingredient common in American cakes, especially commercial ones, but not in most Israeli home recipes.

The additives in a commercial mix are intended to preserve its shelf-life and ensure its proper consistency when diluted. There is no production or expiry date marked on Elite cakes, and its general manager says the law does not require dating, but that the packaged mixes should easily keep a year or more "under reasonable storage conditions."

"GUARANTEED success," even more than convenience, is the main reason consumers are drawn to commercial cake mixes. I was told by the woman who assists the general manager of Mata, who concurs in that with Elite's managers. Mata makes Eficol cake mixes. These are based on know-how from an American company, Pennant Products of Rochester, N.Y. This is not a familiar name even to Americans, because this firm does little retail marketing, but I understand that it supplies the ingredients for the well-known Dunkin' Donuts.

Eficol makes a range of cakes as wide as Elite's, including a newly-released honey cake. While the current official list price is a uniform IS\$800, or slightly below Elite's, the Mata management says that, in fact, most of its cakes are selling this month for IS\$550-IS\$650 because of the pre-holiday specials coordinated between the chains and the producer.

Mata's general manager, Menahem Kalach, said that much

more home baking still goes on in Israel than in other westernized countries, but he believes that the idea of cake mixes will become increasingly popular here. Like Elite's management, Mata tries to tell me that using their mixes is scarcely more expensive than making comparable cakes at home, which, as I have already said, is not borne out by my own calculations.

KOOR FOODS LTD. (in Hebrew *Koor Mazon*) is the roof organization within the Histadrut's Koor industrial group for 38 separate companies, most of which produce edibles or packaging for foodstuffs. It also includes some firms manufacturing cosmetics, cleaning supplies, and, surprisingly, shoes (Hamgaper, Na'alei Yerushalayim, Alexander's), because Koor lacks a more suitable "sub-grouping" for its shoemakers.

An impressive exhibition of Koor Foods products was held recently at the Dan Hotel in Tel Aviv to acquaint kibbutz buyers and storehouse-managers with these goods. Despite the fact that Koor and the kibbutzim belong to the same labour movement family, it seems that kibbutz purchases from Koor sources are below what might be expected.

Avraham Cami, the group's director of commerce, told the press this is due to buyers' lack of familiarity with Koor products. There may be other explanations. Quite by chance, a former kibbutz buyer told me recently that kibbutzim often buy goods from private "Capitalist" businesses rather than fellow kibbutz firms, because the private ones give better service.

There is little way today the individual consumer can tell whether certain merchandise comes from a Koor firm or not. When I asked Cami why they did not put some uniform identifying symbol on all

their products, he said the matter is under consideration, but there are certain reservations about doing so. One is that sometimes two or more Koor companies are competing in the same line, and it might not be wise for the general public here or potential big customers abroad to be aware of their common Koor connection.

For example, both our margarine manufacturers, Telma Hlebaud and Mata, belong to Koor, and so do our two leading oil and soap makers Shemen and Etz Hazayit. The same is true of the fish canneries Yonah and Noon, and the fruit and vegetable canneries, Pri Hagail and Jaffa Mor.

WHAT DIFFERENCE does it make to the consumer whether a factory belongs to Koor or not? True, some people may prefer to support firms affiliated with the labour movement, but the main reason is to know whether a certain firm "has a father" who is supposedly watching over its quality control, hygienic standards, and so forth.

I was personally pleased to learn, for instance, that the food-packing plant Arzan in Petah Tikva, which packages all sorts of sugars, grains and pulses, came under Koor's wing some eight months ago. I trust this has resulted in a dramatic improvement in the hygienic standards at the plant, as its new management assures me: I had more than one occasion to file official complaints against the old Arzan for foreign bodies in its products.

The frozen-food firm Gold Frost, which competes with the much-bigger Sunfrost, also became part of Koor in the past year. Many people are unaware that the high-quality Beit Yitzhak jam and marmalade producer 778 is a Koor company these days.

True, it is not always an advantage when a small private business is bought up by a giant complex such as Koor. But it is not always a disadvantage either. Although each Koor factory is said to remain separate in financing and manpower policy, they all benefit from centralized facilities for technological development and quality control. Koor Foods maintains its own microbiological institute for food testing.

The foods I sampled at the Dan Hotel buffet table that day all came out of Koor factories, among the most interesting newly-developed products were some very excellent smoked fish from Yonah.

WHAT DO professional chefs eat on a night out? I had a rare opportunity to find out last week at a gala benefit dinner held in the Tel Aviv Hilton Ballroom by the Israel Chefs Circle to help finance its forthcoming delegation to an international chefs' competition in Frankfurt.

A salad of pickled quails' eggs and a roast beef made from the expensive fillet cut were only two of the many dishes on the lavish buffet tables.

Host for the evening was the Tel Aviv Hilton's former chef, Ze'ev Keren, who has been promoted to director of training and quality of its food and beverage department.

In Frankfurt, a five-chef Israeli delegation will compete with dishes, all kosher, featuring local specialties such as St. Peter's fish and goose liver.

Honorary membership of the Chefs Circle was awarded this year to two commercial firms, the Carmel Mizrahi winery and the religious kibbutz Tzfat Zvi's meat processing plant, for their contributions to the development of gourmet hotel food in the country. □

Martha Melsels